

# Américas

AUGUST . . . . 1965

## DEFENDING THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE

A geopolitician's view

Struggles and triumphs of  
**THE WELSH IN  
PATAGONIA**

Ecuador looks to its  
**TREASURES FROM  
THE JUNGLE**

Brazilian museum presents  
**INDIANS AS  
THEY ARE**

**THE  
CROSS-LEGGED MAN**  
A Costa Rican short story

**25**  
cents

Doll fashioned by Karajá Indians  
of Brazil shows influence of  
modern taste (see page 22)





# Américas

published in English, Spanish, and Portuguese

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Opposite: *Venus of the Chorotega culture, a pre-Columbian ceramic figurine from the Tenderi Museum at Nindiri, Nicaragua, about twenty miles outside the capital*

Volume 7, Number 8

August 1955

## Dear Reader

Peru will celebrate August as "Unanue Month" to honor the memory of a national hero, Hipólito Unanue, born two hundred years ago on August 13 in the port of Arica. During an age that, much like our own, was dominated by war and disillusionment, this extraordinarily versatile man achieved eminence in medicine, education, literature, and government.

Unanue, whose bust stands in the Hall of Heroes at the Pan American Union, was hailed as "the father of American medicine." His father was a Basque mariner; his mother, deeply religious, early instilled this quality in her son. Brought up for the priesthood under the influence of Father Osorio, a relative of his mother, the boy began to study medicine at the age of twenty-two on the advice of his uncle, Pedro Pavón, also a priest, who recognized that his nephew was ill fitted for a religious vocation. Supporting himself as tutor in one of Lima's most brilliant households, Unanue launched the career that would make him the greatest doctor of his day. Among his outstanding accomplishments were the founding of the Anatomical Amphitheater in 1793 (modeled on the French Academy of Surgery, it was the first of its kind in the Americas) and of the San Fernando College of Medicine, now the Faculty of Medicine of the University of San Marcos.

Although he was at first a royalist in sentiment, Unanue and his followers were ardent supporters of such public measures as irrigation, development of a metallurgical industry, free trade, the abolition of slavery, and educational reform. Before 1821 he had been Arequipa's deputy to the Cortes de Cádiz (the Spanish parliament). Viceroy Pezuela named him to negotiate for Peruvian independence under the rule of a Bourbon prince, an assignment he abandoned in favor of San Martín's proposals. He worked with Bolívar and San Martín and stood for equality of rights and for free elections. His appointment as the first finance and education minister climaxed his career, but his later services included such achievements as helping to draw up the 1823 Constitution and serving as Senator and Premier.

Unanue's words live on in books and articles. He came into his own as a writer in the pages of *El Mercurio Peruano*, founded in his day and still a leading Peruvian scientific and literary magazine. It is worth noting that his thesis on archeology, the subject of his first article for publication, remains valid even now, despite subsequent discoveries. Under the pseudonym "Aristio," he frequently contributed articles on geography, medicine (he was among the first to write about the importance of vaccination), natural history, and literature. His book *Observaciones sobre el clima de Lima*, published in 1806, remains a South American classic, discussing in fascinating detail all the complex relationships between man and climate in his part of the world.

Unanue's glory grows with the years as science comes of age. Today his place is assured in history beside the leaders of modern technology and medicine. Often described as the link between the old and the new Peru, this celebrated doctor stands before the world as a humanitarian whose life will not be fully appreciated until the last battle is fought and human misery has become a memory.

Juan Bautista de Lavalle  
Ambassador of Peru to the OAS

# ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT

## COPPER PICKS UP

In sharp contrast to its situation before World War II, the United States now finds itself consuming more copper than it produces, so that it must depend on imports to complete its supplies for home use. Rising demand based on population growth and increasing industrial use, plus military stockpiling, means that the trend will continue in the years ahead. Accordingly, mining activities are being stepped up in Chile and Peru.

Chile stimulated new investment in the industry by improving the copper companies' tax position to provide incentives for increased production. The new basic tax will be 50 per cent of profits, with a surtax geared to production figures. If a company does no better than maintain its 1949-1953 average annual output, a 25 per cent surtax will be tacked on, bringing the total due to 75 per cent. Another 5 per cent will be added if production falls below 80 per cent of the average. But if output goes up, the surtax will be scaled down until it is eliminated at double the production record. Formerly all copper for export had to be sold to the government for marketing by the Central Bank. The new law gives the companies the right to sell abroad themselves, although a government Copper Department maintains supervisory control. At the same time, certain bothersome foreign-exchange requirements were eliminated.

The Anaconda interests, biggest producers in the country, which control the important Chuquicamata and Potrerillos mines in the North, announced immediate plans to start operation of a new two-million-dollar mine, La Africana, not far from Santiago. The project covers mining installations, a metallurgical plant to produce copper concentrates, housing for workers, and all other facilities needed for full production.

The company also plans to bring into production another deposit, the Indio Muerto mine, as an eventual substitute for the nearby Potrerillos mine, which has been in operation for fifty years and is now producing lower grade ore. However, mining is expected to continue at Potrerillos for another ten or fifteen years. Meanwhile, the Braden Copper Company, owner of El Teniente mine at Sewell, south of Santiago, budgeted a three-million-dollar expansion program.

Earlier this year, four U. S. corporations operating

in Peru announced that they were teaming up to form the new Southern Peru Copper Company to bring three mining properties into full production. They are located at Cuajone, Quellavaca, and Toquepala, in southern Peru. Toquepala will be developed first. The companies and their initial investment in the new enterprise are American Smelting & Refining, forty million dollars; Phelps Dodge, twenty-four million; Cerro de Pasco, twelve million; and Newmont, eleven million. A hundred-million-dollar credit for the project has been approved by the Export-Import Bank.

## WHEAT GAINS IN BRAZIL

Around 1800, enough wheat was grown in the state of Rio Grande do Sul, in southern Brazil, to provide exports to other parts of the country and to Europe, but in the next twenty-five years rust—a destructive fungus—practically wiped out this crop. Today, in a spectacular comeback, wheat has climbed to third place on the list of Brazilian agricultural products, outranked only by coffee and cotton.

The 1953-54 crop totalled 820,000 tons—still only about one fourth of what the country consumes, however. Most of this was grown in Rio Grande do Sul, with its cool, cleared plateaus; smaller amounts were contributed by the neighboring, smaller states of Santa Catarina and Paraná.

The campaign to restore wheat to a place of honor began in 1938. A minimum price was set and Brazilian mills were required to purchase a quota of national wheat. A Wheat Extension Service was established in 1945 to coordinate promotion and experimental activities. Heavy rain toward the end of the growing season in Rio Grande do Sul still encourages the development of rust and black rot, so agronomists tried out combinations of varieties from all over the world to find the most resistant cross, and widespread use of chemical fertilizers and plowing under the wild grass were introduced to offset the acidity and low fertility of the soil in much of the area. The program is still on the march, and state and federal officials hope to be producing half of national requirements within a few years. This will make further savings in foreign exchange and reduce the nation's economic dependence on coffee earnings.

## SUGAR IN PERU

Sugar, which accounted for 13 per cent of the value of Peruvian exports in 1954, is that country's number two export product. Cotton heads the list, representing 26 per cent. Sugar is followed by lead, 10 per cent; copper, 8 per cent; petroleum, 7 per cent; and zinc, 4 per cent. Peru is fourth among world sugar exporters, behind Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Dominican Republic.

Since the recently opened beet-sugar refineries in Chile have so far done no more than meet an increase in demand for the product, Chile remains Peru's principal customer. Last year Chile bought 143,000 tons of sugar from Peru—34 per cent of the total exported. Japan took second place. Other important buyers included the United States, Bolivia, Germany, Uruguay, and Great Britain.

# Defending the Western Hemisphere

**A U.S. National War College instructor's answer  
to a big question**

JOHN E. KIEFFER

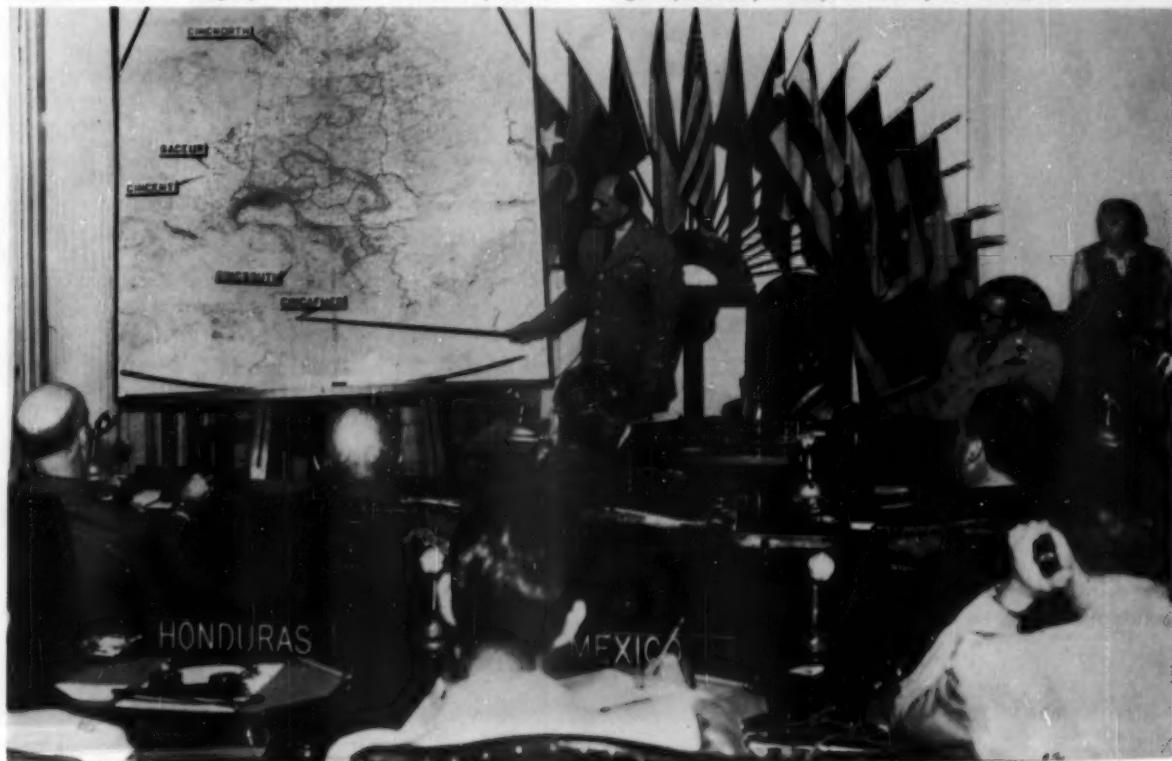
IS THE DEFENSE of the Western Hemisphere truly global in scope? Is there a definite split between Latin and Anglo America in their outlook on defense?

For some time now, writers in the United States, Latin America, and Europe have been posing these questions. Some claim that the United States has abandoned Latin America, turning its attention toward the defense of its own interests on European and Asiatic soil while its twenty sister republics drift into isolationism. Others cite any point of minor difference between the two continents as evidence that the effective cooperation that has existed for so long in this Hemisphere is now being threatened.

Such conclusions are often colored by individual misconception or defeatism. Confront some people with a nicely balanced, working system of regional arrangements and immediately they must try to uncover some inherent weakness that will ultimately destroy the relationship. Almost every area of the world and every alliance has been subjected to such treatment, so it is by no means unusual that the traditional cooperation among the nations of the Western Hemisphere should now come in for its share.

As far back as 1951 the Council on Foreign Relations professed to see the beginnings of a concrete threat to

*General Matthew B. Ridgway orients Inter-American Defense Board delegates from every Hemisphere country but Canada on NATO*



inter-American solidarity and the disruption of a common interest and purpose. Much has been made of the fact that Latin American delegations to the United Nations failed in 1951 to support the United States' candidate for a seat on the Security Council. To one writer, at least, it is significant that though the defense of the United States abroad is simultaneously a defense of the Hemisphere, the remaining American republics have contributed no troops. Some have expressed the idea that Latin American countries have failed to appreciate the Communist menace and thus break common cause with the United States. Several students of international affairs bitterly bemoan the fact that forces sent by Latin American republics to Korea were only tokens.

Most recently, an article by Louis J. Halle in the April issue of *Harper's* magazine offers an explanation of "Why We Are Losing Latin America." Specifically, Mr. Halle feels that our diplomatic relations with Latin America have been strained since 1945; that the outward appearance of harmony between the United States and Latin America was maintained at the Caracas Conference of March 1954 only with great difficulty; that the rise of inter-American solidarity in the thirties has been matched by a progressive decline in the postwar years. The reason for the deterioration, Mr. Halle concludes, is the fact



Inter-American Defense Board is housed in pink stucco mansion on upper Sixteenth Street in Washington

that the United States has been forced to abandon its traditional isolationism, a Hemisphere characteristic, and become global in its interests, emphasizing "defense-at-a-distance," whereas its Latin American partners continue in deep-seated and persistent isolation.

My own conclusions may startle many of my colleagues, particularly those of the more pessimistic school: first, the defense of the Western Hemisphere is global in character; second, there is no serious split between the various republics of the Organization of American States; and third, the defense of the Hemisphere and Hemisphere solidarity will be preserved.

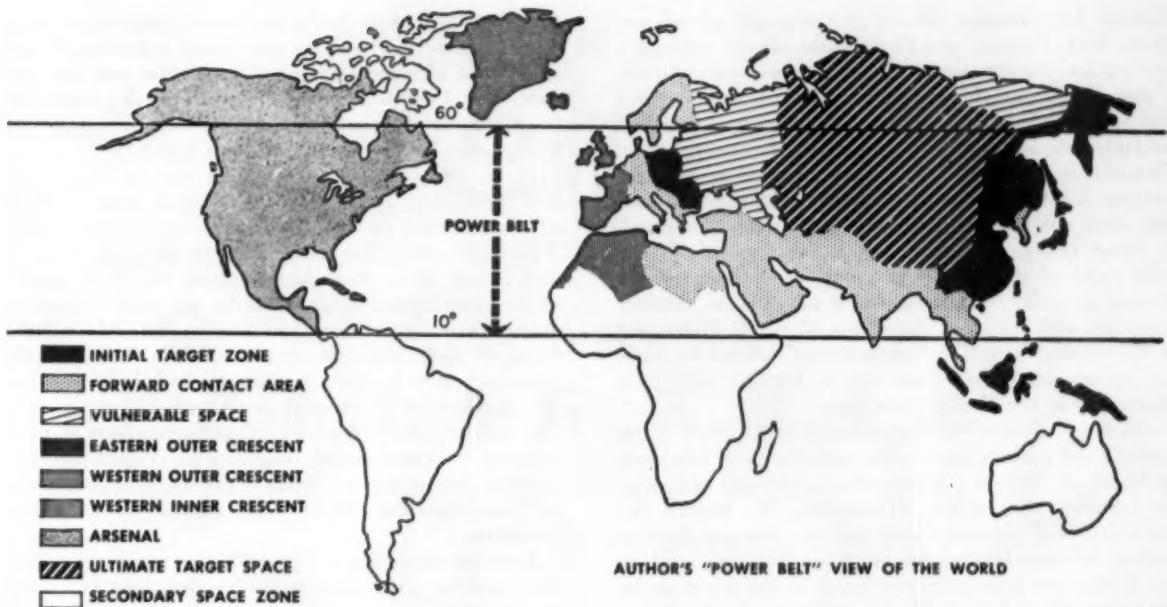
Perhaps a valid starting point for these conclusions is to be found in explaining the exact role of Latin America in global defense. In my book *Strategy for Survival*, published in 1953, I presented a theory that has come to be known as the Power Belt Theory, in which the nations of the world are divided into two general areas. One, called "primary space," wherein the current power struggle is taking place, lies between the tenth and fortieth parallels north latitude; it is composed of nations whose territory could serve as areas of armed conflict in any war between the free world and Communist nations. The countries lying outside primary space are referred to as "secondary space" nations.

This theory attempts to assess the usefulness of each nation to both the Communists and the free world in the event of conflict by defining the role each would play. It notes that any conflict at the present time has global implications, in that no nation or area could remain entirely aloof and untouched. It further advances the premise that in any power affiliation of nations each country will ultimately perform the particular function that provides maximum benefit to the coalition as a whole.

Latin America is classified as an area of secondary space for a variety of reasons. Most of the area lies outside the limits of primary space (for strategic reasons Mexico, Cuba, and Venezuela are assigned a dual economic-military role). A direct attack by Communist forces in any nation of Latin America, turning it into a major battleground, is most unlikely. Finally, Latin America's chief value to the nations of the free world lies in a contribution other than uniformed military assistance.

The general role of a secondary space area is three-fold. First, it should supply either the finished products or the raw materials its allies need for the common defense. Secondly, it must supply military forces well enough equipped and trained to preserve its internal security against Communist-inspired uprisings, organized civil war, and sabotage. Lastly, it must provide forces adequate for the initial defense of its own territory in case outside attack should force it into the primary space area.

If the frontiers of freedom are now considered to lie in Europe and Asia, the defense of these frontiers must depend upon effective mobilization of all the available political, economic, military, and spiritual forces, each nation playing its role. To many geopoliticians the Western Hemisphere constitutes a single and integrated geographical and geopolitical entity known as the Dual Continent, in contrast to the African-Asian-European combination called the Afro-Eurasian Triad. Although not as large as the Afro-Eurasian Triad, the Western Hemisphere has infinitely greater chances of achieving economic self-sufficiency and unity of defense than the nations of the other land mass. The Western Hemisphere has the natural resources and the industry to convert them to useful products; it has the skills, the incentive, and the power. It is, in fact, in our Hemisphere that freedom has the greatest opportunity to survive the onslaught of Communist activity. It is here that the most



effective demonstration of international cooperation through regional arrangements has been presented to the world.

To say that the Latin American republics have done less than conscientiously discharge their roles as nations of secondary space is to deny fact. Currently it is doubtful if any republic in the Organization of American States is unaware of its importance in the defense of freedom. The simple statement of Milton Eisenhower squarely points up the contributions to be made: "The industrial and military items which the United States turns out to help defend the free world, including the American republics, require a continuing supply of a great variety of strategic materials from Latin America." Further, it is no secret to the strategic planners of the American republics that, in the event of the loss in other areas of strategic resources—oil, chrome, nickel, iron ore, tin, and so on—the resources of Latin America are vital to defense.

But the role of the Latin American republics has not been questioned so much as their desire to perform it. Does this desire exist? What has been done about it?

Since the close of World War II and the onset of the present world crisis there has been a steady flow of critical and strategic raw materials from all the Latin American republics to the nations of the Western world. They have sent much of their valuable natural resources to be converted into the weapons of defense.

At the same time that they have been discharging this function, the American republics have been developing and training armed forces. Military missions from the United States have been at work in almost every one of the sister republics assisting in this program. Aircraft, weapons, ships, and equipment have been purchased

by these countries in fulfillment of their participation. If this development has been slow, the fault probably lies with the United States in its inability to produce immediately all that is required.

In 1951 the Fourth Meeting of Consultation of American Ministers of Foreign Affairs adopted a resolution on "Inter-American Military Cooperation" advising the American republics to orient their military preparations toward continental defense and to develop the collective security of the Hemisphere. This resolution is being carried out. The Inter-American Defense Board, which consists of delegates from all the republics of the Hemisphere except Canada and represents the combined views of some of the best military brains on this side of the world, has been industriously planning the strategy for the common defense.

From the viewpoint of geopolitical analysis, the idea that Latin America has failed to participate in global defense because the troops of the republics are not massed in Korea, at the Elbe, or on the Vietnam borders is ridiculous. Present requirements do not demand that the military forces of these nations be so deployed, nor could any useful purpose be served if expeditionary forces were sent from any Latin American republic. The funds required would be—and in many cases are—much better employed in helping to develop these republics. To deplore the fact that only token forces were sent to the United Nations in Korea is equally ridiculous. Similar charges could be leveled against many members of the free world community, but in no case could this serve as the basis for a complaint that the global character of defense has been violated. As a matter of record, the contributions offered by the Latin American nations far exceeded the actual use to which they were put.

Bolivia, for example, offered a contingent of officers. Costa Rica, Panama, and El Salvador offered volunteers for service. Acceptance of all these offers was deferred. Cuba offered an infantry company, which was accepted but never used. Colombia furnished an infantry battalion and a frigate, both of which were accepted and saw action. Panama, in addition to volunteers, offered its merchant marine for the transport of troops and supplies, and this offer was accepted by the United Nations Command.

These offers, accepted or not, compared favorably with those of other larger and more prosperous nations. France and the Netherlands each supplied an infantry battalion and one ship; the Union of South Africa sent a fighter squadron. The "token forces" offered by Latin American nations were not out of keeping with their basic role in the Korean campaign.

As for "evidence" of disagreement with United States actions and policies, this would seem the most ridiculous point of all. We do not subscribe, under our definition of freedom, to a system of satellites. We believe that each free and sovereign state has the inherent right to follow its own line of reasoning and policies so long as it does not jeopardize the peace of the world or infringe on the rights of the rest of the family of nations. If we in the United States ever reach the point where Hemisphere cooperation and defense depend on the complete meeting of our views, we will have betrayed the very precepts for which we have always fought.

The republics of Latin America are sovereign; they are free. If they choose to disagree with any point in United States policy, that is their privilege. This is not evidence of non-cooperation or a split in the Hemisphere "family." When my sons were children they lacked the experience to disagree with parental opinion. Now that they are men with growing experience, we frequently fail to agree. This is not regarded as a weakening of the family unit but rather a strengthening of it by the contribution of additional opinion and experience.

Finally, there is the cry, raised as evidence of lack of participation in global defense, that the Communist menace is not fully recognized nor provided for in Latin America. It might be pointed out that in the United States and Western Europe there are still many who feel the Communist menace is exaggerated. There is by no means unanimity of opinion on how far the Reds intend to go. It is doubtful if any nation has taken all the steps necessary to provide for its complete defense against Communist encroachment. If one demanded complete defense against internal subversion as the test of devotion to global defense, allies in the free world would be few, if any; even the United States, which is currently the leader in the fight against Communism, might fail to qualify for membership.

To avoid the accusation of rosy optimism it would be wise to add that there is much that could be done to strengthen Hemisphere defense and to emphasize its global character. More military supplies could be forthcoming from the United States. More technical assistance could be given. Greater efforts could be made to develop political and economic freedom in some Latin American

republics. But where in the free world could some steps not be taken to strengthen our global defense and our chances of ultimate victory? Granted that relations between the United States and Latin America could be improved, is this not equally true of the nations of Europe, the Far East, and Southeast Asia?

There is something further that can be done, and this particularly by writers in the United States. Instead of concentrating on the negative side of exploring Latin American-United States relations to discover what is wrong with them, they should inform the U. S. public of the contribution being made by the Latin American states. Their importance should be emphasized, and the value of their potential should be fully and honestly presented. It is entirely possible to find a flaw in any international relationship if one searches deep enough. The magnification of minor misunderstandings is most harmful to international cooperation. Despite the difficulties, this is a time for encouragement, appreciation, and understanding—qualities we could all use in greater quantities.

From the viewpoint of a geopolitician, the Latin American republics are at present playing their part as nations of secondary space. As time goes on, they will fulfill their role more perfectly. So will we all, we hope. That this role is not being perfectly filled at the moment is no evidence of lack of cooperation or the failure of the global defense of the Hemisphere. Latin America has been called the Land of the Future, and in that future I have faith. • • •

*Over 250 officials from sixteen Latin American countries watched a recent Army-Navy-Air Force exercise for Panama Canal defense as part of the extensive inter-American military cooperation program*



THE  
WELSH  
IN  
PATAGONIA

*How they tried to build a nation within a nation*

HOWELL DAVIES

WHAT DROVE so many Welshmen to the wastes of Patagonia a hundred years ago in one of the most foolhardy migratory ventures in history?

Wales, their first home, is the smallest of the three countries that make up the United Kingdom. For the most part it is a hilly and mountainous land, and its people are Celts—two facts that account for most Welsh abilities and disabilities. As a mountain people they scratch a bare living from an unwilling soil, are hardy, obdurate, slow to change, and puritan in their religion. Brute necessity makes shrewd, practical men of them, but as Celts they are blessed—or cursed?—with a quick imagination. Behind each man's shrewd mask is a gullible dreamer, with a vision at the corner of his eye of a very different life in a Land of Promise, flat and fat and rich and easy on the body. A hundred years ago, before roads and railways snaked their way into their fastnesses, isolation made these people grossly ignorant of the rest of the globe. They had a deep wisdom about living, side by side with an abysmal ignorance about life.

These hardy dreamers, who fought for five hundred years against the neighboring Saxons before they were conquered, have another significant trait: an obsessive devotion to the ancient language they speak. Welsh, for them, holds in suspension their traditions, their songs and poetry, their way of life, their very personality. Whoso loses his tongue (and in particular the Welsh tongue) loses himself, they believe. It makes no difference whatever that this is not true, that a quarter of them in the industrial areas of southern Wales who have lost their language remain wholeheartedly Welsh.

Particularly in North Wales, many of the landowners were Englishmen belonging to the Established Church. They thought their tenants barbarians for two sound Victorian reasons: they spoke an uncivilized gibberish and they worshipped God falsely in schismatic Non-

conformist Chapels. These landowners were sincere men of high principle. They saw to it that the teaching in the few schools there were was in English. At the end of the day, the schoolmaster handed a knotted thong to a pupil, with instructions to pass it on to any child who spoke Welsh on the way home. That child, in turn, would transfer it to any other guilty of the same offense. In the morning it was trousers down and lashes of the cane for the holder of the thong. Tenants were often given an alternative: to lose their land or to worship in a tongue they could not understand. The same penalty was often attached to voting against the master at elections. No better recipe could have been devised for keeping alive all that the landowners detested. The peasantry went on scratching rich harvests from miserable soils, going to Chapel, voting against the landlords, and speaking Welsh.

In the 1860's as many as twenty thousand Welshmen were emigrating annually. Some went to Brazil, where they soon lost their identity. Many more went to the United States—to California, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin—and there they put up a stouter resistance against the fusions of the melting pot, for there was one fact about the country that they could not stomach: it spoke English.

In Wales, the Welsh were being oppressed, and oppression engenders dreams in lively imaginations. The rich Asian imagery of the Bible had flowed into their daily speech, and with it the concept of an earthly paradise, as potent a magnet for them as El Dorado had been for the conquistadors. But where was it to be found? Somewhere there must be an uninhabited island, or at least a land either totally unoccupied or where the indigenous savages could be converted to the inestimable blessings of speaking Welsh and worshipping in Chapel—a dream, it will be noticed, not very different from



*Remarkable 1865 photo of original Welsh settlers in Chubut Valley taken just after they landed in Patagonia*

that of their landlords. Finally, as mysteriously as lemmings, they chose Patagonia.

The word was first spoken, it seems, by a young Welsh-American, Edwyn Roberts, from Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Late in 1860 he set out on his own for Patagonia. But before leaving America he called at the New York offices of a Welsh newspaper, *Y Drych* (The Looking Glass), which had been established as a forum for discussion of emigration possibilities. There he was persuaded to pay a visit to Wales on his way, and he reached Liverpool early in 1861—just when the Civil War was breaking out and shutting off all emigration from the United States. Soon afterward he met one of the leaders of the Welsh emigration movement, the pious principal of a Welsh training college for ministers. They discussed Patagonia. There were few facts to go on, and they wallowed in dreams. "I can imagine Patagonia as it will be," said the principal, "a happy little Wales beyond Wales, a rich land overflowing with milk and honey. . . . There the farmer will be his own master; on his hearth will be heard the tinkle of the harp, and song, and there will be Welsh comradeship. In the beautiful clean villages Welsh will answer Welsh, and no one will think himself less a gentleman for that."

Drunk with their own oratory, the two toured the countryside raising hopes that were already dangerously high, and money, which was hard to come by. A national committee was formed. There are usually some sober heads on a committee, but there was none on this. Witness the two emissaries they sent to Argentina to consult with the government. Neither knew a word of Spanish. One was Love Jones-Parry, a sea captain, hence a man to whom by definition all dry land looks much alike. The other was Lewis Jones, a young man of twenty-five, tall, fair-haired, and—a printer! He was sincere, but he was blinded by dreams and quite incapable of registering a fact that ran counter to his wishes. They had to depend,



unwillingly, on an English interpreter in their negotiations with Dr. Rawson, the Minister for Home Affairs at Buenos Aires. Much of their time was spent in trying to convince him that it would be an excellent thing to have another nation—a Welsh nation—inside Argentina. Dr. Rawson could only smile the ambiguous smile of the diplomat, but he did offer help to the immigrants: wood for building houses, grain for seed, cattle and sheep. He was careful to point out that such help would be subject to the consent of the Senate.

He sent the two men down to Patagones, at the mouth of the Río Negro, by government boat. The Río Negro was not, in their opinion, a fit place for Welshmen. They had letters of introduction to Colonel Murga, in charge of the outpost at Patagones, but he refused to give them horses for the two-hundred-mile journey south to the Chubut River because, as he said, it was summer, and there was no water: a fact that might have set them thinking. So the two men hired a condemned schooner to sail south. A drunken devil-may-care Yankee captained it for them, and Murga scoured the local jail for a crew. They finally arrived off Puerto Novo and sailed up a stalk of water into an apple-round inland sea. "A fine place for a port," said the Welsh sea captain. And he was right. Puerto Madryn is there today. The printer saw fat grasslands and grand soil for wheat. He was wrong. As an afterthought he added in his report that he saw no woods or water. They sailed a few miles south to the tricky mouth of the Chubut River and saw the wreck of a schooner on the coast. It had belonged, it seems, to a certain Jones—a Welshman, no doubt—who had come that way a few years earlier to shoot wild cattle.

The two emissaries sailed up the river for some twenty-five miles. The horses on board were not fit to ride, so they never explored the valley or the region beyond. But there was no need to: Paradise could be seen from the deck. "Flat land," the printer reported back in Wales, "of from four to ten miles wide and fifty miles long, with low hills sheltering it, and not a soul living there. The grasses are shoulder high, and apples, cherries, and plums plop into the river and are carried away in great loads. There are thousands of cattle with calves at their heels, and great flocks of red sheep. There's a market nearby, too, where our women might sell butter."

The Welsh audiences, construing the unknown in terms of the familiar, had no conception of a cow or a sheep or a horse that differed from their own fat and placid ones. The men itched to round up these ownerless treasures, the women to milk the cows. And the land, O heart's desire, was flat. The word flat is engraved on the hearts of all mountain men, for flat equals rich, flat equals ease. The printer, it is true, spoke also of seeing ostriches. But if the dream-drunk listeners noted this alien phenomenon, they promptly buried their own brains in the sand. And they were not to know that the nearby market was a tall yarn.

No one, listening to the printer, could have guessed that this formidable land was a partial desert scourged with howling winds; that the little rain that fell was

intermittent and confined to the winter; that Patagonia was deep in Indian country; that the cattle and the sheep and the horses seen by Jones were wild beasts that had escaped from north of the Río Salado and multiplied on the pampas; that there were as yet but few immigrants, all north of the Salado. If the Welsh had known these facts, would they have risked the uncertainties? For there was but a single asset in the Chubut River Valley to offset these debits: it was one of the few places in Patagonia that could, in fact, be colonized. It was sheltered from the winds by the surrounding hills; the river supplied it with water the year round from the melting snows of the Andes; and the land, if irrigated, could be fruitful. The listeners in Wales imagined that just beyond the surrounding hills were hundreds of miles of land equally desirable: flat and fat and waiting to be taken.

A few contrary voices were raised, and they had some effect. Anyone who has watched peasants during a one-day excursion to the sea—"You go in first!"—will not be surprised to learn that there were few in the lead group of one hundred and fifty. It consisted mostly of half-hearted coal miners and slate quarrymen from the hills. They were herded aboard the *Mimosa*, a thousand-ton sailing ship, on May 24, 1865, and next day they sailed, singing their hymn:

*Ni gawsom wlad sydd well  
Yn y Deheudir pell  
A Phatagonia yw;  
Cawn yno fyn mewn hedd  
Heb ofni brad na chedd,  
A Chymro ar y seidd:  
Boed mawr i Dduw.*

We have found a better land  
On a far southern strand  
In Patagonia.  
We'll live there in accord,  
No traitor fear, nor sword,  
And Wales shall there be king:  
Praise be to God.

The printer, Lewis Jones, and the Welsh-American, Edwyn Roberts, had already sailed for Argentina in March. Dr. Rawson told them at once that the Senate had refused aid to the immigrants, but, informed that they were already on the way, he promised to submit the matter to parliament again and to give them letters of introduction to the merchants of Patagones.

Ironically, an English merchant, J. H. Denby, saved the situation by guaranteeing payment on supplies for the settlers. In Patagones, a small schooner, the *Juno*, was crammed with cattle, sheep, horses, poultry, wheat, plows, and food. It sailed south to Puerto Madryn—there was no port then—and a fortnight was spent in unloading, building corrals for the animals, and carving storage chambers out of the soft, chalklike tosca rock. Edwyn Roberts and Jerry, an Irishman, were left in charge, and the printer sailed north for the next load. The two men built a cottage from lumps of tosca, but it was no sooner up than it was blown down by the wind. They could find no water and started digging a well. One evening three gauchos brought them a number of cattle overland from Patagones. Not understanding the contempt of the gauchos for manual labor, they put them to work on the well. Roberts did the digging below and filled the bucket; the gauchos, at their leisure, heaved the bucket up with ropes. One night, with Roberts down the well, they struck. There was no response to Roberts' shouting. Jerry came back from a hunting expedition.

Where was Roberts? The gauchos shrugged their shoulders. He had gone over the hills, they said, with a gun, and they were going back to Patagones. Jerry cowed them all that night with his gun and in the morning set out to search for Roberts. The moment he had turned his back the gauchos strolled over to the well, which was some distance from camp, and proceeded to fill it up with their shovels, in spite of the groans from below. Jerry, returning unexpectedly, heard the groans and at the point of his gun ordered the gauchos to heave up the bucket. With it, half dead, came the American, but he was far more furious than dead. Jerry wanted to shoot the three. At that moment the *Juno*, back from Patagones, came into port. Roberts set the gauchos to unloading her. For days, they looked as if they would rather have been shot. At midday of July 27 the *Mimosa* met the little *Juno* in Madryn waters. The printer rowed over and welcomed the new settlers. "You have arrived too late to plant this year," he said, "but no matter, there is plenty of work for everyone and good markets for your products. The quarrymen can hack black marble from the hills to the north. The older ones can gather sea shells at the mouth of the river—they are worth two pounds a ton. There is a guano island a little to the south, and the middle-aged ones can dig that. It's worth five pounds a ton." There was, in fact, no truth in any of these statements. Pitching the yarn to the printer had become a local industry.

For the next three weeks the immigrants huddled miserably together in makeshift caves dug out of the tosca, where the women and children took shelter from the rough winds. The men tried to keep the animals corralled, and at milking time the women sallied merrily from their caves, only to be charged and scattered by the unruly cows. Day after day the men struggled to clear some land of roots. At last it was ready, and they harnessed a pair of oxen to the plow. They would not budge. A tailor mounted a horse; the horse was harnessed to the plow. The uncontrollable horse—uncontrollable by a tailor, that is—dashed hither and thither, leaving zig-zag furrows behind him that were promptly blown flat by the wind.

It took them three weeks to realize Madryn was no place for them. Arrangements were made to trek to the Chubut Valley, forty miles over the hills. There was a wave of fresh enthusiasm. The first group of nineteen men was led by Edwyn Roberts. They set out into the unknown over the sandy soil and through the scrub, their feet sinking deep. They camped the first night in the hills. On the second day they saw two things: to the left, the distant shimmer of the sea; to the right, a column of smoke. Believing this column meant Indians (it was actually a whirlwind of dust), they made for the sea. That night, when they camped, they found their water jars broken. When, thirsty and hungry, they reached the sea on the third day, many drank deep of the salt water and were sick. On the fourth day an elderly man, William Roberts, stretched his bed under a bush and quietly announced that he was going to die. The rest pushed on, but they were so exhausted by eve-

ning that they fell like logs where they stood. Edwyn Roberts went on alone and found a fresh-water lake. They rushed to it pell-mell and slept the night on its shores. In the morning William Roberts loped up: he had reconsidered the matter of dying. On the fifth day they reached the Chubut River.

After more than a fortnight of starvation, this group and two other advance parties that had straggled in were joined by most of the other immigrants and the animals, who reached them either overland or by the sea and river route. They built mud huts and supplemented their food by shooting and fishing. Each Sunday they held a religious service. The text of the first sermon in the new land was "*Israel in the Wilderness*."

They were extremely busy for two months, clearing the land for sowing, building adobe cottages with ostrich skins for windows, making candles and soap, and putting together tables from the bottoms of old casks salvaged from the wreck on the coast. Spring in Patagonia comes in November. They sowed and waited for rain. Not a drop fell, and the seed did not even sprout. All the suffering and discontent of dreamers faced with bleak



*Welsh settlers' bleak new homes: caves were only shelter*  
reality flared up. Where, they asked the printer, were the herds of cattle with calves at their heels? The flocks of red sheep? The fruits that plopped into the river? Where had even the few cattle they had come from? "I bought them in Patagones," explained the printer. "With whose money?" "On credit." "Credit! So we, who came here to make a fortune, are already in debt! And how long will the food in the storehouse last us?" "Another eight months." There would be four months of starvation, they realized, before the next harvest. In a passion they forced the printer to resign his leadership and appointed another man—William Davies—in his place.

Davies set out for Buenos Aires. The immigrants solaced themselves in the wilderness with literary meetings. They discussed poetry. Edwyn Roberts got married.

In Buenos Aires, Davies was being received with great courtesy by the authorities, who agreed to make a monthly grant of one hundred and forty pounds for the necessary food and seeds. Davies went begging among the English merchants of Buenos Aires and collected seven hundred pounds—a hundred of them from J. H. Denby. The government gave him what more he needed

to buy a little thirty-ton vessel, which he christened the *Denby*. There was great rejoicing in the settlement when it arrived with a load of supplies. Some of the people choked a little over this English generosity. Coals of fire were soon to be heaped on their heads by the visit of an English warship, the *Triton*, to see how they were getting along. The Captain noticed there was a lack of boots and handed over the whole ship's supply. The sailors collected money among themselves and bought the settlers a thousand yards of woolen cloth. The only medical man among the immigrants had already gone, and the Welsh complained that they could not understand the Latin on the bottles he had left. The *Triton*'s doctor wrote the English equivalents on the labels. Seven of the settlers so far forgot their prejudices as to sail for British soil on the warship.

In July 1866 the valley was suddenly visited by a number of Indians, who camped there, wandering during the day among the huts and begging relentlessly for a little bread. They were not hostile. No doubt they had already been informed that these settlers were friendly. Even during the Argentine wars against the Indians in 1878-1882 no attack was ever made on the colony, and only half a dozen Welshmen were ever killed by them and then always by mistake, when they were far from the settlement.

A government surveyor had by now measured out the land—a hundred acres to a family. It must be remembered that few were farmers; they had no natural hunch as to what was fruitful and what not. Some areas were free of scrub by nature. These, the settlers believed, were barren. They concentrated on digging out the scrub. The plots were sowed. There was a little rain during November. The grain sprouted. But there was no more rain and the sprouts wilted. Blank despair followed. A number of the young men were sent scouting for a better

*Welsh-English intermediate school in Gaimán. Welsh brought their architecture to Argentina*



place. They returned with desperate reports of the true nature of the land.

This was the end, they decided. "There is no place like the old country," one said, but the others were ashamed of sinking such high hopes. "If ten others will stay, I'll stay," declared one man. But there were few takers. Suddenly, there was a new place: Santa Fe. There was land there in plenty. Santa Fe. William Davies and the Welsh-American were sent in January 1867 to Buenos Aires on the *Denby* to ask that they be transferred. But Dr. Rawson felt that Patagonia had not yet been given a fair trial. The port authorities considered the *Denby* unseaworthy. The settlers were adamant. They wanted Santa Fe, and they trekked over the wasteland in a body to Puerto Madryn after killing most of their animals and salting the meat. At Madryn, where they waited two months for a ship, an Indian chief visited them and begged them to remain in the valley; he promised that he would help them in every way. They would not listen. The little reconditioned *Denby* came into port. On board was the printer. He argued with the assembled crowd—and so effectively that all except seven families turned back again over the wasteland to the valley. They reached there two years to the day after their first coming. All their old homes, except two, had been fired by the offended Indians.

Now they were worse off than ever. The Argentine Government still made them a grant, but at so much per family, so that the total had fallen with their numbers. They were now prisoners of the land, and they knew it. Utter poverty alone was keeping them there. But they did not believe they would be there for long. Santa Fe still obsessed them. Only makeshift dwellings were raised. They killed most of the rest of their animals. They even used some of their seed for bread. The young men left for the pampas, to live by hunting. The irrepressible

printer fetched another load of supplies from Buenos Aires, but the little *Denby* was wrecked on the coast on her return, though the supplies were saved. She was their only communication with the outer world, and they worked hard to make her seaworthy again, but she was lost with all hands on the next trip.

The settlers had not troubled to clear more land. Almost cynically, they sowed what seed they had in what they considered the barren patches. No rain fell. And now there happened one of those simple things that can change the shape of events. One of the settlers, Aaron Jenkins, who conducted their singing festivals, was walking by the riverside after the sowing. The river was high, lipping the land. It was water, he realized, that the seed wanted. Well, here was water in plenty. He noticed that the land was in fact below the level of the stream. He took a spade and dug a channel. In a week's time his land was thinly covered with water, and he closed the channel. In a few days the grain had sprouted. Within a few weeks the land had dried out and the crop began to wilt. He watered it again. At the end of February he was reaping an excellent crop of wheat.

This had a remarkable effect on the community. Santa Fe was forgotten. People began building permanent houses. A village grew, which they gratefully named for Dr. Rawson. The men worked on their land from morning to night. There were now only one hundred and twenty people, in thirty families, half of them adults. Hopes of the future ran high. The group elected a parliament; it ruled the settlement successfully for fifteen years. And they published a twenty-five-page hand-written journal, the *Brut*, entirely in Welsh. The paper suggested that a school be built for the children. The young men dismantled the cabin of the wrecked schooner in the bay and set it up again at Rawson. A slate was found for each child. The teaching was in Welsh, but the only textbook was the Bible. This simple school was there for many years. One of its pupils was a little girl, Eluned Morgan, who was later to write four books, all Welsh classics and all written in the purest, most sparkling prose the language knows.

The printer was away like a bird to Buenos Aires to report the crop of wheat. He came back with a load of animals and seed and a promise from the government that the settlers would be maintained—until the next crop. Then he left for Wales, to report progress to the national committee.

"And so, the venture has failed," said the chairman.

"I am here to get more immigrants," retorted the printer.

He took eleven out with him in 1870. In 1872 twenty-nine Welsh emigrants set out from the United States, but when they reached Montevideo they heard such poor reports of the Patagonian colony that they vanished into the hinterland. Fifty more left the States in the *Electric Spark*. Although it was wrecked on the Brazilian coast, the emigrants all managed to reach Buenos Aires, where they joined up with another contingent from Wales and were taken south to the valley. By 1876 there were seven hundred inhabitants. Both sides of the river had been



One of fourteen Nonconformist Chapels



Roberto Williams' general store supplies colonists in the valley

settled, and the colony was spreading upstream. The little journal had adopted printing. An irrigation system had been started, and dams were built. By 1882 the population was up to fourteen hundred. A number of deserted Indian children were now being brought up in the Welsh homes and attending the school and the chapels. The land was filling up; the whole of the valley was veined with irrigation channels, dug entirely by pick and spade. Merchants settled there, bringing constant and increasing trade with the outside world. In 1888 a railway was completed from the valley to Puerto Madryn. The valley had been turned into a prosperous community.

The main goal to maintain the Welsh language and the Welsh way of life had been achieved. The language was strong enough in the valley not only to turn little Indians into good Welsh-speaking people but also to force any Spaniard who married a Welsh girl to learn it. By 1877 there were three Welsh schools. But in 1888 the first of the national schools was set up, and the Argentine Government, anxious that the children should know something of the country in which they had settled, published five textbooks on Argentina—in Welsh. It is true that the aim was to teach the children Spanish, but few governments have used so enlightened an approach. Until 1899 the Welsh language was more than holding its own. The community was solidly Welsh, though by now there had been an influx of Argentine officials, who were naturally disturbed by the phenomenon of an un-

assimilated and seemingly unassimilable people in their midst.

But 1899 was a turning point, for in that year the whole length and breadth of the valley was drowned by a flood that swept off the dams, filled the irrigation canals with sand, and rolled away all the villages and farms. Fortunately, there was time for a warning by young men galloping madly before the rising waters. The three thousand inhabitants fled to the hilltops, where they gazed in misery at the undoing of their long labors.

The destruction was so complete that a Canadian representative urged them to give up and migrate to his country. Some two hundred and fifty were taken to Winnipeg in 1902, but the rest loved their valley too much by now to consider the proposal. They set to and rebuilt from the very beginning. So stirred were the people of Wales by this unending battle against adversity that in 1911 they actually sent another contingent of one hundred and twenty to the settlement—the last to arrive. But the need for labor in the reconstruction was so great that a large number of Argentine workers flowed in to help. They never left. For the first time the Welsh front was broken by men whose speech was Spanish.

The Welsh settlers were so impoverished by the flood that they could no longer maintain their own schools and had to send their children to state schools. Only the Sunday schools taught Welsh now. The consequences were inevitable: the third generation became bilingual, speaking Spanish in public and Welsh among themselves. Bilingualism can flourish if the community is large enough. Spanish and Guarani in Paraguay, Welsh and English in Wales, are examples. But this settlement was too small for that. Many children of the fourth generation—the young people of the valley today—have lost their Welsh completely. But by no means all. The old dream dies hard. At this moment, and it is ninety years since the first landing, there are no less than fourteen Nonconformist Chapels in the valley. Sermons are in Welsh, and each has its Sunday school, where Welsh is taught. These schools have a common session once a year, with prizes given to those who are proficient in the language. Appeal after appeal comes back to Wales for ministers. None goes, for the old dream is dead in the homeland. The people of Wales feel guilty and vainly

*Government-built school near Puente Hendre, where pioneers' descendants learn in Spanish. Welsh is taught only in Sunday school*

try to expiate their guilt with gifts of money, but they know it cannot be done and that it is not what is wanted.

The Welsh newspaper died in 1940, but the colonists still hold an annual Eisteddfod, a festival of song and the arts, conducted mainly in Welsh. To it come other Welshmen who have settled at Choele Choel in the Río Negro territory and Diez y Seis de Octubre, an offshoot of the original colony which was started in 1888 in a beautiful valley in the heart of the Andes, three hundred miles away. There are two Welsh Chapels at Diez y Seis de Octubre and they, too, send unheeded appeals to the mother country for ministers.

What, then, remains of the dream? The Great Purpose is failing. Time will kill the Welsh language in the valley. But the consequences of this attempt to create a nation within a nation are curious, and some are important. These people were the first to try and tame a great area of land; it was their misfortune that the land was so poor that even today the density of its population is no more than one person to the square mile. One odd result is the prevalence in the valley of the tall-and-fair and small-and-dark types that make up the Welsh strain. Another is the architecture of many of the stone buildings: they are almost exact replicas of what may be seen in the Welsh mountains. An important consequence is the creation of a tradition of victorious endurance. It is symbolized by a strongly bound black book on the shelf—the Holy Bible, in Welsh. Though fewer and fewer are able to read it, it remains a magic talisman for the family. And tradition is needed, if only to cope with the further trials that loom ahead. As early as 1935 a meeting was held to consider the best means of dealing with *salitre*, the killing salts that rise to the surface after much irrigation and threaten to make some of the valley floor sterile.

Today the colonists are all good Argentines, and proud of it. The country, in turn, has reason to be grateful to them, and not only for their pioneering efforts. When the ownership of Patagonia was being contested by Argentina and Chile in 1880, the fact that Argentina had helped the Welsh to settle in the Chubut Valley and aided them during their struggles was a decisive point in the Argentines' argument that the land was theirs.

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KING OF THE FOREST

# FROM THE JUNGLE

**A fortune waits in Ecuadorean forests**

WHEN THE SPANIARDS reached what is now Ecuadorean territory, they heard again a story that never failed to thrill them: that in the jungles beyond the eastern chain of the Andes lay gold and spices, above all cinnamon. So off they set from Quito on one of the world's most terrifying journeys—a journey they could not have regarded as much of a success, for though they discovered the Amazon they returned with their pockets empty of treasure. Yet the jungles round about them as they went were crammed with riches.

Even today, only a beginning has been made on exploitation of Ecuador's forest resources. Among these are some shared by the entire Andean region, as was the case with the once-mighty cinchona, source of quinine, the magic powder that cured the fevers; others, such as

balsa, are at least in a commercial sense peculiar to Ecuador; also—unlike, for example, neighboring Peru, with a desert the length of its coast—Ecuador can look westward as well as eastward. Experts have calculated that along the Pacific and on the lower western slopes alone more than fourteen thousand square miles are covered by heavy forests and an additional thirty-five thousand by culled and second-growth forests. These, wet in the north and dry in the south, have been good to man, especially to the Negroes who form a high percentage of the population of Esmeraldas, the northernmost province, and to the *montuvios* or mixed-bloods of Manabi. If the Negroes wanted to build a house, they split wild bamboo for walls and roofed it with palm thatch. If they were hungry, they went fishing in a

*Cinchona-gatherers' encampment in west-coast Ecuadorean jungle. True wealth of country's forests has never been fully calculated*



# THE JUNGLE

L I L O   L I N K E

dugout canoe hewn from a *guadapiro* tree or shot a monkey. If they were thirsty, they brought down coconuts. If they needed cash, they went upstream and fetched tagua nuts to sell. But this is hardly industry. In the past the story has been largely episodic: a given forest product acquired market value; gatherers roamed the wilds for it and a period of prosperity followed; either the market declined or another area of the world, less willing to rely solely on the prodigality of nature, usurped it; Ecuador then turned to some other forest product. Now, as the government pushes ahead a road-building program, and a railway nears completion in the north, connecting the Andean region with the port of San Lorenzo, there are two possibilities: vast tracts of forest

*Mangrove bark, which yields 20 to 30 per cent tannin, awaits shipment near small port of San Lorenzo*



can at last be rationally exploited or the hitherto untouched areas being opened up can be speedily deforested by the inroads of the plow and the bulldozer.

It was almost a century before the Spaniards learned about the first of the jungle treasures, and meanwhile many a conquistador died of malaria. But the crafty Indians had known all along that the remedy was at arm's length in the same jungle where people acquired the disease.

Linnaeus catalogued the tree as "cinchona," thus honoring (with a slight misspelling) one of the first Europeans to benefit from it: the Count of Chinchón, Viceroy of Peru, who was cured of his fevers in 1638. The name of the drug made from its ground-up bark derives from the Indian *quina quina*, but it is also called *cascarilla*, presumably from *cáscara*, the Spanish for "bark."

It helped millions of people to recover their health, greatest boon of all. And it enriched the merchants who dealt in cinchona bark. Loja, the southern Ecuadorean town from which the first bark brought to the white man's attention is said to have come, eventually became the world center of the trade. In Cuenca, not far away, fortunes were made about the beginning of the nineteenth century that allowed some families to live like kings. Stories are still told of banquets given for over a hundred guests, all eating off the finest Limoges porcelain innumerable delicacies prepared by French cooks, and of precious mirrors and grand pianos brought on the backs of Indians to the then isolated town high in the Andes.

As so often, no thought was taken of the morrow. The jungle provided everything without need of planting, from Colombia south to Bolivia in the case of cinchona bark. But elsewhere people were more prudent. Around the middle of the last century, seeds were introduced into the Dutch East Indies; the British started planting them in India. While the wild trees in the forests of South America withered away under ruthless exploitation, the huge plantations on Java grew in time to provide 90 per cent of the world's supply.

Nobody would have worried much about the ever scantier production of Ecuador and its neighbors if the Second World War had not cut off supplies from Java. For a few years, therefore, U.S. botanists scoured the South American forests for wild trees. Cinchona missions were set up in several countries by the U.S. Board of Economic Warfare. New plantations were laid out, the biggest in Guatemala, though with no hope for any considerable harvest until about ten years after planting.

The effort might well have been saved. Even before the war was over, chemically produced medicaments had largely replaced quinine, and within a short time DDT and new sanitary procedures were beginning to eliminate the disease itself. As a result, the time had come to an end when health and wealth were to be gained from stripping the bark off cinchona trees in the jungle.

The commercial uses of the tagua nut, also known as vegetable ivory, were first seen by a German company established in the region sometime about 1870. The seed

of the tagua palm (*Phytelephas aequatorialis*), it is a firm, yellowish-white kernel the size of a woman's fist, hard and shining when polished, without taste or smell. German factories were the first to make it into buttons. As time went by, the United States also bought increasing quantities, as did Italy, leaving the German purchases far behind. The three countries together must have provided tagua-nut buttons—shirt buttons, in particular—for three quarters of the world.

Within Ecuador, tagua nuts have long been used for a typical tourist industry by a number of artisans, who carve and afterward paint buttons, chess pieces, umbrella handles, bottle stoppers, needle cases, and the like, or even cut in high relief the heads of Simón Bolívar and other famous personalities of past and present. Recently, electrically driven lathes, which perform in hours tasks formerly done by hand in weeks of painstaking effort, have been introduced into some of the workshops.

For years, the export of tagua nuts kept the small coastal ports of Ecuador busy. In 1925, for instance, over fifteen thousand metric tons were sent abroad; valued at \$2,300,000, they accounted for roughly 15 per cent of the total for the principal export products. Only cacao topped tagua nuts in importance. And few if any of the palm trees providing such wealth had ever been planted by man!

Indeed, the Esmeraldas people and others farther south could afford to obey the biblical injunctions: they did not sow, and they laid not up for themselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt. They lived from hand to mouth, to the despair of all who believed that what the country needed was progress by hard work. Yet the champions of progress would not have cared to trek through the jungle and gather the tagua nuts from the ground or shake them off the trees. Always danger threatened from snakes and poisonous insects, and nights spent in the heart of the forest with nothing but a big leaf for a roof would have frightened senseless all but adventurous Negroes and *montuvios*.

Thirty or forty pounds of seeds at a time, forming the so-called "Negro's hand," might hang from a single tree. The gatherer would often cut down the stem to reach the seeds more easily, thereby destroying the plants. It hardly mattered. There were always hundreds more—growing slowly and not bearing fruit until the fifteenth year, to be sure, but from then on producing almost without interruption the year round. Who could say that the tagua palm was not generous to excess?

The two World Wars each put a temporary stop to the trade, and finally plastics came to replace tagua nuts or people discarded buttons altogether. It is surprising in the circumstances that in recent years annual exports have averaged around seven thousand metric tons, though the value has dropped to not quite half a million dollars—less than 1 per cent of total exports. The humble tagua gatherers, hard hit by the suspension and later fall of exports, might have been forced to look for employment had not two wild products taken the place of the suddenly less desirable one: rubber and balsa wood. So great was the need for rubber early in World War II

that some small plantations were laid out in addition to the trees a few farsighted people had already planted in their back yards to milk for cash.

From nothing at all in the early thirties, rubber exports jumped to nearly two and a half million dollars' worth in 1942, about 15 per cent of total exports. In other words, rubber occupied the place held two decades earlier by tagua nuts. But rubber, too, collapsed as soon as the war was over and had disappeared altogether from the export lists by 1953.



Felling a balsa tree. Source of lightest of all commercial woods, it is an Ecuadorean specialty

This has not been the case with balsa wood, despite its ups and downs. If cinchona has been suggested as the country's "national plant," the balsa tree (*Ochroma lagopus Sw.*) has a still greater claim to so exalted a position. Even sober U.S. forest experts have called it "an Ecuadorean specialty." In their report, *The Forests of Western and Central Ecuador* (1947), they emphasized that during World War II, "Ecuador contributed 95 per cent of the world's production of balsa, which is the lightest of commercial woods and used for life rafts, floats, and airplane construction." In western Ecuador, they added, "between thirty and forty sawmills worked at full capacity twenty-four hours a day. Exports of balsa lumber during 1943 (the peak year) amounted to more than thirty million board feet shipped to the United States and the United Kingdom. Balsa ranked fourth in value among Ecuadorean exports." It made more than three million dollars for Ecuador that year, and close to a million even in 1954.

One reason is its lack of weight, its most striking quality. A favorite photographic stunt is to show a

pretty Ecuadorean girl lightly carrying a balsa plank on her shoulder: the wood weighs only about seven pounds per cubic foot, half as much as cork. Added to this are softness, buoyancy, insulating power from heat and sound. These properties make it useful in building airplanes, freezing chambers, and radio studios; as a shock and vibration absorber in certain machines; and for packing musical instruments and luxury furniture. Model-airplane builders find it indispensable. In Ecuador it is turned into containers for the highest-grade "Panama" hats. Fashionable people have their Christmas and New Year's greetings painted on it, since it can be cut down finely and smoothly, and smart restaurants employ it to hold their menus.

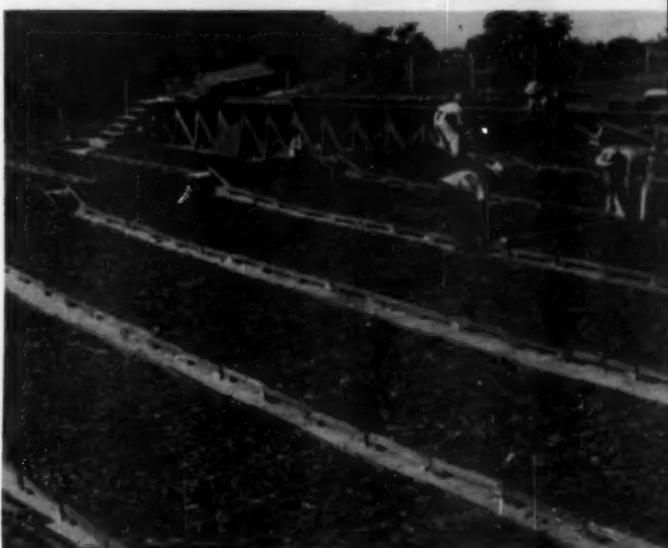
The tree grows so fast that it may reach a height of up to twelve feet and a diameter of an inch and a half during the first six months. It is usually a second-growth tree, shooting up like a weed in clearings created by man or nature. The lightest wood is obtained where favorable conditions of light, soil, and moisture allow the quickest growth. According to these conditions and the age of the tree or the part of the trunk, the specific gravity may vary from 0.05 to 0.41.

The best time to cut the tree is usually between the



Above: Raft of balsa logs, a common sight along west-coast rivers

Below: Trimmed balsa planks ready to be sent abroad



Cinchona bark spread for drying is scene from the past—newer medicines have superseded this malaria remedy

ages of four and six years. Because of its extraordinary power of reproduction, and because a number of plantations have been laid out in suitable parts of the country, so far no shortage of balsa wood has occurred.

The common method of getting the logs to the saw-mills, most of which are in Guayaquil, Ecuador's largest port, is by tying them into rafts also called *balsas* and floating them down the Guayas River or its many tributaries. Frequently the raft will carry at the same time all sorts of tropical products: cacao, rice, bananas, oranges, which grow in abundance in this most fertile part of the country. For tourists, the sight of the rafts on the fast-flowing dark-brown streams is a reminder of the now world-renowned *Kon-tiki*—made from Ecuadorean balsa logs—whose adventurous voyage across the Pacific was undertaken to show that Polynesia was settled by ancient New World navigators.

Nobody has yet touched the more than 250 miles of mangrove swamp along the Pacific coast. A certain enterprising businessman has merely paid some independent laborers to strip bark from the mangrove trees (*Rhizophora mangle L.*), which he sent to the United States for use in tanneries. The maximum return on export of the bark was attained in 1951—less than a hundred thousand dollars. The mangrove wood has hardly been used at all. Its characteristics are exactly opposite to those of balsa. It is extremely hard and heavy, weighing about sixty-eight pounds per cubic foot, and is far more durable even than oak. In fact, some people maintain that it is practically indestructible.

Mangrove swamps are a weird sight, especially at low tide, when the prop roots look like hundreds of tentacles reaching greedily toward the surrounding water. The trees will prosper where nothing else grows, stretching skyward to a height of up to 130 feet. Gradually mud accumulates between their roots and new land is formed.



Ceiba or silk cotton tree, common throughout tropical America, produces kapok, used as filler in mattresses and the like

The lumber would naturally be difficult and expensive to exploit. But it would make an ideal substitute for oak—which hardly exists in tropical countries—in railroad ties. Already Ecuador plans to submit bids to supply mangrove wood in response to several foreign governments' requests for offers of oak ties. However, the question of how best to organize the felling operations has not yet been decided. Explorations of the swamps carried out as a preliminary step to provide an estimate of their capacity revealed that a certain northern zone of Esmeraldas alone has probably three million mangrove trees, with a total of almost twenty-seven million cubic feet of wood. This would yield about eighty-five million average-sized railroad ties. Even taking into account the high cost of felling and transporting the timber, a price was calculated of \$1.50 per tie. Clearing the whole region would bring in \$127,500,000—no small amount for Ecuador.

To allay any fears about a possible ruin of the country's forest potential, the report of the government forestry department underlined that there was plenty more in other regions of Ecuador.

At heart, of course, nobody is really interested in preserving the mangrove swamps. The virgin forests in the coastal area are a different matter. The first thing the new settlers do is cut down the trees. This deforestation might rapidly assume the proportions of a national catastrophe, according to a study carried out by a French forestry expert called in by the French company in charge of the railroad construction. He warned that if the felling of the virgin forest continued at the present rate, especially on the steep western slopes of the Andes, which for months are submitted to heavy tropical rains, the fertile layer of humus and the subsoil would soon be washed away and only the naked rocks be left. In less than five years this could cost Ecuador about two hundred square miles of good land in the northernmost part of the country right down to the coast. Only a properly planned agriculture and forestry program, to preserve the woods in steeper spots and along brooks and rivers, can avert the danger.

In the flat coastal region, the same expert pointed out, the Negroes living along the numerous rivers have gradually cut down the better types of trees for about two miles inland from the shores. Much of this timber has been used up without regard for its real value. Today only isolated specimens of valuable timber trees stand close enough to the banks to be floated down to the sawmills.

However, the new railroad will allow Ecuador to build up a properly organized timber industry in the forests around San Lorenzo, which are among the best anywhere in the tropics. This would at first merely supply the home market, and afterward could be expanded to cover exports to such countries as Peru.

The real wealth in Ecuador's jungles is still untouched. It might be unknowingly destroyed by ignorant men, but it could also be turned into uncountable millions of dollars with the help of modern techniques, to the benefit of the present and future generations. • • •



Above: Novelties carved of tagua nuts. Largest is five-eighths of an inch tall. Below: Slicing nuts to button thicknesses for export



# the cross-legged man

THE STORY I'm going to tell you (said Tata Mundo) isn't sworn to, and I even have an idea that nobody ever saw all this with his own eyes or heard it with his own ears, because the way I heard it was, my mother told it to me when I was very little, but *she* was careful to say she got it from her father, and so it strikes me it never happened in anyone's time. They often reminded me of it, because when I was a child they took me for lazy, and, as they saw it, with this story there might be some chance of teaching me to enjoy study and work. Me, I don't know. I liked the story.

It seems there was once, I don't know where, a very pretty village high in the mountains, where the inhabitants, good Christians and peaceable every one of them, were all hard-working from birth. Each was born to a job. If he wasn't a shoemaker he was a mason, and if he wasn't a tailor he was a teacher. And there were farmers; there was the sexton, the priest, the baker. There were the midwife, the spinners, the churchy old maid, the cooks, the priest's niece who kept house for him, even the witch. Each with his duties, each busier than the next. All but the cross-legged man. A strange kind of fellow he was, who spent his life spinning his thoughts, as they say, sitting on a bench in the square, with nothing harder to do than go on being. To sort of exist without existing. Like a bump on a log. Pretty, isn't it? Well, it was even prettier. Because—no one knows why—the other people in that delightful place kept him fed, without a soul asking why the devil or whose idea it was. And as for clothes—why, they all dressed him as if he were a saint. This one would give him a cigar, that one brought him chewing tobacco, the chap over there a coffee with milk. And if no one brought him a nursing bottle, I think it must have been because they didn't use them in those days—after their mothers weaned them, the children would go straight to the goats. Well, I tell you, they even had a goat for that cross-legged man, just so he could do the honors in public whenever he was thirsty for milk.

At twilight, the mayor, say, would drop around and ask respectfully: "Will you come and sleep at my house?"

And the man, who was resting, would reply: "If I'm carried."

And between the mayor and his sons they would pick him up and tuck him into bed.

Another day it would be the priest: "Want to come and spend a comfortable night at the parsonage?"

"Only if I can go there in a carriage."

And—a matter of a block, it was—he would be taken in a carriage.

Oh, it was grand; the barber would come to the bench in the square to cut his hair and shave him, the doctor to prescribe for him, and the priest to give him abso-

a short story by  
FABIAN DOBLES  
illustrations by  
JORGE A. LARCO



lution. Yes, some are born lucky, and that lazy man was so lucky he didn't even realize himself that what was happening was plain extraordinary. Sure as the bells rang for Mass in the morning, everybody knew that fellow had a right to so much care and devotion.

Years passed, and more years, and nothing changed. But one day, finally, the devil got into somebody, and he set up a soapbox in the square and began to shout:

"Fellow citizens, listen to me, all of you!"

As it was Sunday, little by little he got together quite a crowd.

"Fellow citizens. Can anyone tell me why that man should sit there on the bench with his legs crossed, and we should have to take care of him?"

Well, nobody could explain. They began to look at each other in amazement. Lord, yes, how odd! All they could say was that that's how it had always been, and

it had been fine for years and years, because nobody could begin to figure out how long that man had been just *being* there, or how much longer he'd be sitting there like a wooden saint. And the thing began to boil, for there had to be some meddling old woman to feed the fire, the way there always is, and after her some spoiled brat who took the floor and demanded in the name of the coming generations that that charming good-for-nothing be made to go to work. Poor fellow. It was beginning to look serious for him. Some of them picked him up and carried him to the platform to defend himself. But he was so used to taking it easy, he couldn't say a word; it would have been too much trouble. A

other village. "My people wouldn't do a barbarian thing like that." He lowered a large sack he was carrying on his shoulder and added: "Brothers, I suggest you let me keep this condemned man alive for a while. I make him a present of this sack of potatoes. They'll feed him another few days."

Then the cross-legged man, making the greatest effort of his life, raised his head out of the coffin, looked at the farmer, then at the sack, and asked:

"Are they peeled?"

"No, man. What do you mean, peeled?"

"Then, good people, let's go . . . let's go."

And he waved toward the cemetery. \* \* \*



council was formed among the whole neighborhood, and public judgment was passed—that was how they did these things then, I gathered from my grandfather—and then and there he was sentenced to be buried alive if he didn't take a pick and shovel and get to work like a respectable man.

Let me tell you. At noon the next day, the hour set for carrying out the sentence, there sat our man very cheerful in the square entertaining himself with his goat, when they dragged him off and put him into a coffin. Then they lifted it, and the whole village tagged along to the cemetery, on foot and on horseback. There was even a band. Near the cemetery, they ran into a farmer from another village, who on seeing the procession asked:

"Friends, who is the deceased, if I may ask?"

"No deceased," said the mayor. "We've got a live man here. See, we haven't put the lid on yet, so he wouldn't suffocate on the way."

"That is very strange, mayor."

"But well deserved," put in another.

"This is the cross-legged man," everyone said.

"We have decided not to feed him any more. And, so he won't starve to death, we have sentenced him to be buried alive."

"But that's not Christian," argued the man from the

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# a word with HAROLDO TEIXEIRA VALLADÃO

"SORRY TO BE LATE. Let's go have a cup of coffee," said a quiet voice at my side.

Could this youthful, clean-shaven, smiling gentleman, speaking impeccable Spanish, be the noted Brazilian jurist Haraldo Teixeira Valladão? While waiting for the Columbia University visiting professor in a New York hotel lobby, I had conjured up an entirely different person—foreboding, dignified, perhaps a bit gruff, even bearded. Before I could take a deep breath, we were off.

Dr. Valladão told me he was born in 1901 in São Paulo State and received his law degree at the University of Rio de Janeiro. He has been president of the Brazilian Bar Association and of the Institute of Lawyers, a member of the Executive Committee and of the Council of the Inter-American Bar Association, a member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration of The Hague, dean of the Faculty of Law of the Catholic University of Rio, legal advisor to the Brazilian Government, and a member of the Brazilian Historical and Geographical Institute. He is now professor of conflict of laws (known in some quarters as private international law) at the University of Brazil and the Catholic University of Rio, and a member of the Supreme Electoral Court.

"What is conflict of laws?" I asked him.

"A man's guardian angel. It solves the problems that arise from the fact that laws may vary in different jurisdictions—whether between states or countries—by helping the court decide which shall apply in a given case."

For example, under the rules of conflict of laws, a marriage is valid everywhere if valid where it was contracted. Thus if an Irishman tires of his mate and moves to Spain, he is still a married man under Spanish law.

I wanted to know what he was doing at Columbia. "I was invited to lecture and make a comparative study of the rules of conflict of laws in the States and in Latin America. And I can tell you that they're not as different as they're supposed to be. After all, the works and doctrines of a single international lawyer, the North American Joseph Story, have had tremendous influence on the legislation of several Latin American countries, as well as on international conventions—examples are the 1889 Treaty of Montevideo and the Argentine civil code of 1869. They also showed up in the civil marriage laws of Argentina, in 1889, and Brazil, in 1890. Forty per cent of the part of the Argentine civil code that deals with this field is based on Joseph Story's *Conflict of Laws*,



and the rest on Teixeira de Freitas' draft of the Brazilian civil code."

I began to feel like a student in a classroom. Dr. Valladão took another swig of the now-cold coffee and went on: "You can rightly say that juridical geography goes beyond political boundaries. Look at such noted international lawyers as Andrés Bello, of the Pacific Coast and Andean area, and Teixeira de Freitas, of the South Atlantic. Joseph Story is another, of course."

Next the distinguished Brazilian lawyer told me about his efforts to make conflict of laws a legal science, more than just a university course. He has worked toward this end in his books, articles, and lectures. He has also carried on his campaign through the Institute of International Law, founded in Belgium in 1874, of which he is vice president, and through the various conferences at which he has held offices.

Obviously wrapped up in his favorite subject, he didn't pause long enough for me to get a word in edgewise: "However, I don't think there should be inflexible principles. The legal relations controlled by the rules of conflict of laws are so complex that serious injustices would be bound to result."

Jumping in with both feet, I asked: "What do you think about the right of asylum?"

Dr. Valladão clasped his hands, stared into space, and seemed to be thinking aloud: "That is a juridical flower that blossomed from the bloody mire of revolutions and civil wars. With this unquestionable right Latin America has been able to bring legal order out of revolutionary chaos and has proved conclusively that men's rights are to be respected."

That was my last opportunity for a question. A bellboy came by paging Dr. Valladão, and he hurried off to take a long-distance call from Brazil.—*Hugo Frenk*

# indians as they are

**A Rio museum fights prejudice**

DARCY RIBEIRO

HOW DOES THE AVERAGE MAN picture the Indians? What is the visitor to the traditional ethnological museum looking for, and what does he find? These two questions were uppermost in our minds as we set about organizing the Indian Museum in Rio.

Talking with children, students, and the man in the street, we came across all sorts of misconceptions; that Indians are congenitally inferior, or wild, uncivilized peoples who cannot rightly be expected to have human traits or esthetic values, or hopelessly lazy creatures. And so on through a long list of negative qualities.

Later studies of the movies, press, radio, and television showed essentially the same thing. For example, the picture many Brazilian children have of Indians is derived entirely from the miserable caricature of U.S. "redskins" in Western movies. They imagine all Indians as they dress and behave in those films, and as blood-thirsty creatures to be killed for sport. What's more, they think they "speak" in wild gestures and guttural grunts.

On the other hand, there are equally false conceptions of Indian life as idyllic and adventurous and of the people as shining examples of nobility, altruism, and temperance.

These distortions have gone undisputed for so long that they have finally assumed the proportions of absolute truth. It is most disturbing that many actual facts—either misinterpreted or used in absurd contexts—have been cited to substantiate them.

Naturally, a share of the responsibility lies with the museums, for they continue to present the Indians as exotic peoples interesting only as living reminders of the past. Their displays on head-hunters or cannibals



*Kalapalo tribesman of the Xingu region of Mato Grosso weaves straw basket, follows uniform artistic pattern*

have never stirred any humane concern for the Indians, only perplexity and horror that blocked sympathetic understanding.

Our job, then, was to create a museum devoted more to understanding than to erudition, one that would undo common misconceptions by providing the true facts. So we have the Indian Museum, opened three years ago by the Indian Protection Service.

Instead of emphasizing differences, it points up similarities. Thanks to this approach, the Indian Museum is putting across a more realistic idea of Indian life. It presents the Indians in their true role as human beings motivated by the same impulses, subject to the same defects, and filled with the same yearnings for liberty, progress, and happiness as everyone else.

Obviously, this could not be achieved simply with explanatory cards, since the public usually ignores them. Nor could visitors be allowed just to wander unattended among the displays. Left to their own devices, they would see a stone axe or a bow and arrow as proof of ignorance or "savage instincts."

We had to hit upon an entirely new way of presenting the material and of dealing with the public. We decided

that visitors would be admitted only in groups of six or more and that individuals would be asked to come back on a set day to make the tour with a group. Then they see the exhibits with a guide and afterward attend a showing of documentary films. This two-hour program effectively helps them form objective opinions and revamp preconceived notions.

The Indian Museum is housed in an old mansion, with the interior completely done over by one of Brazil's leading architects, Aldary Toledo. In addition to the display rooms, there are photographic laboratories, a specialized library, and a projection room, which doubles as an auditorium for programs of Indian music.

The museum's exhibits—artifacts, photographs, and documentary films—are changed regularly on April 19, American Indian Day. The materials are chosen to illustrate a certain theme—the beauty in Indian life, the frontiers where Indians are now coming face to face for the first time with the white man's civilization, and so on. Such an extensive program is possible only because the museum has always had free access to excellent ethnographic collections, which are the result of ten years' study in the interior by the Research Section of the Indian Protection Service. Today this stockpile contains thousands of native artifacts, about thirty thousand photographs, four hundred records of native music and languages, and countless films. Both these and the facilities of the General Rondon Library (named for the founder of the Indian Protection Service) are available to researchers.

Just inside the museum the visitor first sees maps, graphs, and pictures that show the proportion of Indians

*Museum is housed in converted mansion, which has been remodeled throughout. Eye-appeal is important factor in all exhibits*



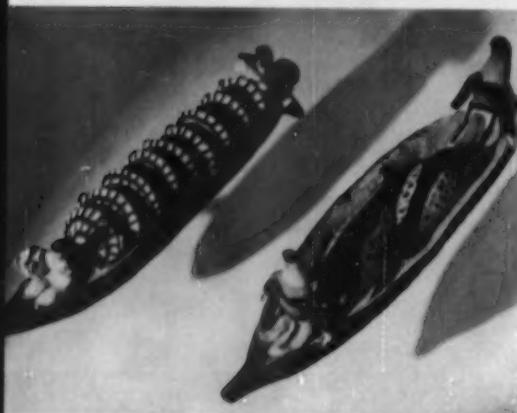
Above: Kuikuro man fashions cotton belt to be worn as decoration.  
Below: Xingu Indian puts finishing touches on arrow that will be used in jaguar hunt

in the total Brazilian population and the wide variety of indigenous languages and customs. Here the guide explains that the generic term *Indian* has very little meaning, since many tribes are as different from others as Brazilians are from Chinese. The point is also made that the most outstanding thing these peoples have in common is that they all had to meet the invading Europeans and defend their lands, families, and lives against the onslaught.

In the next rooms various displays further help to correct wrong impressions. The guide calls attention to the excellent craftsmanship in a collection of household objects such as sieves and graters. He takes a piece at random and shows the extra touches, over and above what was needed to make a working tool. In this way the visitor unconsciously realizes that Indians, too, are interested in esthetic values. With exquisite workmanship and detail, a bench, a simple basket, or even a hoe becomes an artistic creation.

At an exhibit of stone axes, the guide stops to explain that most Brazilian Indians depend on manioc and corn as their main source of food and that they must clear

*Today's native art depicts tribal customs and activities, is not bound by age-old standards*



*Karajá dolls formerly were full-figured, as shown here, but Indian craftsmen have slenderized them to appeal to white visitors' tastes*



*Whenever feasible, items are displayed in functional context, helping visitors to understand Indians' problems and how they have been solved*

the jungle to make way for fields. He points out the tremendous physical exertion it takes to do the job with these primitive tools and thus disproves the common belief that Indians are lazy. It is the opportune moment for showing that this mistaken idea comes from observing Indians outside their own environment, doing jobs for which they are not psychologically suited. The guide suggests that the visitor try imagining himself in a native village. What would the Indians think of him when he could not follow tribal customs? And how about his "laziness" in failing to do things that are typically Indian, such as trekking for months through the jungle hunting certain birds whose feathers are indispensable for a tribal ceremony?

As often as practicable, the elements of Indian culture

*This Karajá doll represents what is probably the finest ceramic work done by contemporary Brazilian Indians*



are presented in functional context and in conjunction with colored slides. In this way, objects that would seem odd if isolated take on real significance as a specialized means to an end, often valuable in helping the Indians adapt to tropical jungle or barren wasteland.

Each year we try to devote some showcase exclusively to outstanding Indian works of art—feather decorations, artistic pottery, and so on. Recently the museum had a



*Handsome carved wooden stool helps debunk theory that Indians are interested only in practical side of life*

special display of Karajá dolls, which probably represent the finest in ceramic art among contemporary Brazilian Indians. It was set up to show the decided change that has resulted from contact with our civilization. Today the round, hippy dolls—so much like certain prehistoric European figurines—are being replaced by slender statuettes that Karajás mold to suit the taste of white people visiting their villages—who, incidentally, find nothing else of charm in the tribal culture.

On one hand, this change in style would seem decadent, because the traditional tribal characteristics are disappearing; but, on the other, it is rejuvenating. No longer hampered by the need to shape each doll according to rigid, age-old standards, Karajá artists now have freedom of esthetic expression and are using clay to reproduce other objects never before attempted. Thus from the restyling of a native art rises a new form, which now portrays all tribal life, from fabled hunting and fishing expeditions to dances, rituals, and other characteristic activities. This display aroused lively interest not only among artists but among the public in general.

All exhibitions in the Indian Museum are carefully planned with an eye to making them visually attractive. But most important, the explanations, in the guise of simple stories and commentaries, destroy prejudices. For they point up the Indians' dramatic difficulties in adapting to the strange world that is closing in on their villages and their touching efforts to solve in their own way problems that are common to all mankind. • • •

*Teachers attending 1954 summer courses in La Paz were trained in first aid*



*Studying modern visual aids to education. Taza is "cup" in Spanish*



*Men wove shoulder bags in crafts class, then exhibited them in show*



# TEACHERS GO TO SCHOOL

## *Giving Bolivian education a boost*

ALBERTO TARDIO MAIDA

Photographs by the author

EACH YEAR the Bolivian Government offers special month-long summer courses to thousands of teachers throughout the country who have had no professional training. Known as provisional teachers, they use their vacations for study so they can effectively contribute to the government program for land reform and for reduction of the number of illiterates, who live, for the most part, in remote rural areas.

Something of the summer courses' importance to the country's 3,107,000 people is reflected in the total number of Bolivian school teachers and children. Responsibility for public education in Bolivia is divided between two ministries—Education, which operates mostly city schools, and Rural Affairs, through a General Board of Fundamental Education. Some 6,226 teachers, about 32 per cent of whom are provisional, work for the Ministry of Education. They take care of 124,942 pupils in elementary schools, night schools, and kindergartens, with an average of twenty pupils per class. Sixty-two Rural Affairs "areas," each of which is made up of a large school with small schools scattered in the vicinity, and twenty-five similar sub-areas, employ four thousand teachers—possibly 70 per cent of them provisional—and are responsible for 100,182 pupils. The Ministry also maintains seven rural normal schools, which graduate about 250 teachers annually after a four-year course. The total number of normal-school graduates, urban and rural alike, fails to meet the country's needs; hence, the summer courses program for teachers with more than five years' service.

At the ministries' request, the Inter-American Cooperative Education Service, which functions in the mountainous republic under the joint U. S.-Bolivia technical assistance agreement, is collaborating on the summer courses



Bolivian Minister of Education Federico Alvarez Plata addresses teachers while IACES mission chief Thomas A. Hart sits by

Below: Rural Affairs Minister Nuño Chávez Ortiz discusses programming with summer courses director Roberto Gallardo



project. With IACES help, more and smaller groups of teachers have been able to get together for an easier exchange of information. Each ministry has its own program. Education stresses classroom problems and the fundamentals of child psychology, teaching techniques, utilization of natural resources, music, dances, industry, and sports. Rural Affairs deals with the application of pedagogical techniques both in and out of the classroom and with fundamental education among country folk.

In December 1954, 640 provisional elementary school teachers from the two ministries attended the summer courses held in La Paz, the Bolivian capital. They followed the grueling program six days a week, with Sundays off for sports and recreation. Teaching methods, psychology, techniques of fundamental education, and so on, were studied. The hygiene course dealt with ways of preventing the spread of disease by awakening people to an understanding of the ailments found among them —smallpox, typhoid, tuberculosis, malaria, bubonic



A U.S. technician from IACES shows a group of rural teachers how to dock a sheep's tail

Teachers learned to make and use insecticides in agricultural courses designed to raise farm income



Men dancers, as Indians of Inca times, demonstrated ancient dances of Bolivia's Lake Poopó region

Taking parts of both bull and matador in folklore festival that wound up summer courses



plague, social diseases, and so on. The teachers learned enough elementary first aid to care for such accidents as hemorrhage, cuts, poisoning, asphyxia, and so on, and how to prepare disinfectants and apply bandages to wounds.

The agricultural courses emphasized community economic betterment and were designed to show the farmer how best to use his natural resources. Preparation of insecticides was explained as a means of dealing with orchard diseases and harmful insects. Insecticides are also sold at nominal prices by the Bolivian Ministry of Agriculture and the Agricultural Cooperative Service to get country people into the habit of using them. In industrial education classes, the summer students learned how to use local natural resources to improve small industry. At the end of the course, they exhibited the baskets, fabrics, earthenware, wooden toys, and the like, that they had manufactured. Home economics was another important study. Teachers of both sexes delved into the nutritive values and varied uses of local produce, which



Children shared in the summer courses as their teachers were trained in finger painting

they will pass on to rural people for the preparation of healthful diets.

At the end of the courses, the participating teachers took part in a folklore festival held in the National Stadium at La Paz. Here they presented dances from their respective regions, which drew large crowds of local people and visiting foreigners. More than ten groups of teachers demonstrated the Cochabamba carnival dances; girls in full, gaily colored skirts sang in soft Quechua; the famous Oruro devil dance was performed (see



As teachers sample the results of his work, a home economics student (right) looks on apprehensively

AMERICAS, January 1954), as were all the intricate steps of the typical dances of La Paz and Potosí Departments, recalling the splendor and magnificence of Inca times.

The festival gate receipts financed an excursion for the performers to the famous Sanctuary of Copacabana on the shores of Lake Titicaca. There, against the legendary background of the world's highest navigable lake, they enjoyed a well-earned rest after the hard work they had put in to bring a better way of life to Bolivia. • • •



With Lake Titicaca as background, rural school teachers put on dance inspired by ancient Inca sun god worship



**On his way to San Francisco** for the UN anniversary meeting, Dr. Santiago I. Rompani, Uruguayan Minister of Foreign Affairs (left), attended a special meeting of the OAS Council and a luncheon in his honor at the Pan American Union. He is chatting here with Dr. Joaquín José Vallarino, Ambassador of Panama to the OAS and the United States (right), and OAS Council Chairman José A. Mora, Uruguayan Ambassador to the OAS and the United States.



The children of many OAS diplomats and employees enjoyed the Spanish-English ventriloquism in the "Vicky and her Musical Dummies" show when it appeared at the Pan American Union.

Ambassadors from all the OAS member countries, high-ranking U.S. Government officials, and industrial leaders attended the famous Memorial Day auto race in Indianapolis at the invitation of Indiana Senator Homer F. Capehart, chairman of the U.S. Senate Banking and Currency Committee (standing). Here (back seat, from left) Ambassador Jacques Léger of Haiti; OAS Council Chairman José A. Mora, Uruguayan Ambassador to the OAS and the United States; and Ambassador Hipólito J. Paz of Argentina receive last-minute instructions from their host before shoving off in a motorcade that would take them through the midwest city and over the course of the renowned speedway. Indianapolis lawyer William Kreig accompanied them.



# OAS

## FOTO CLASDES



When Costa Rican Minister of Finance Jorge Rossi (center) was in Washington recently, the Inter-American Economic and Social Council held a special session in his honor. On hand at the event were Dr. Fernando Fournier, Ambassador of Costa Rica to the OAS and the United States (left), and Mr. Jorge Hazera, Costa Rican alternate representative on the Council.



In Washington on a good-will visit, three distinguished deputies of the Peruvian Parliament stopped at the Pan American Union, where they were welcomed by OAS Assistant Secretary General William Manger (at table, second from right). The visitors included Dr. Juan José Tévez of Cuzco Department; Dr. Humberto Ponce Ratto of Huánuco Department, Treasurer of the Peruvian Chamber of Deputies; and Dr. Alfredo Protzel of Ayacucho Department. Also present were (standing) Mr. Enrique E. Larosa, first secretary of the Peruvian Embassy in Washington; OAS Ambassador Juan Bautista de Lavalle of Peru; and Dr. Fernando Berckemeyer, Peruvian Ambassador to the United States.



Music lovers' queue at eight A.M. on a cold winter morning, two hours after it formed at ticket bureau

# Best Buy in chamber music

Washingtonians line up for Library of Congress concerts

JOHN HASKINS

THERE IS AN OLD SAYING in music circles that when four string players meet on a street corner, they promptly form a quartet. Chamber music continues to flourish in the twentieth century as vigorously as if it were the eighteenth. Perhaps not since the court of Frederick the Great in Prussia or the Esterhazy estate where Josef Haydn lived out his productive life has chamber music been so well treated as it is in the Library of Congress in Washington today. Besides an active program of commissions for new works, this world center of chamber music maintains a set of five Stradivari instruments for use in frequent concerts in a specially designed, acoustically perfect auditorium and a fine collection of autographed manuscripts of classics in the repertoire.

Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge, who recently died at the age of eighty-nine, was the prime mover. An expert pianist and composer, she first became interested during the First World War when she was living in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. During a fifteen-month period, Mrs. Coolidge lost her husband and both parents. With the sub-

stantial fortune that she inherited as a result of this triple bereavement, she established the Berkshire String Quartet and in 1918 inaugurated the Berkshire Chamber Music Festivals. These became an annual Pittsfield event until 1923, and have been held at wide intervals since then. The last to take place during her lifetime was a thirty-fifth-anniversary program in 1953; the following August a special memorial festival was held in her honor.

In 1924 Mrs. Coolidge approached the Library of Congress, which then lacked facilities for musical performances, and the result was the Coolidge Auditorium, equipped with a grand piano and a Skinner concert organ, the first building ever donated to the United States Government. Before it went up in a courtyard adjoining the offices of the Music Division, the unprecedented gift required considerable negotiation and an Act of Congress to be legally accepted. The Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation was established with a trust fund of more than half a million dollars; its first presentation was a three-day festival of chamber music in 1925. Since then

eleven festivals featuring first performances of notable new works have been presented at the Library. Commissions from the Foundation and personal commissions from Mrs. Coolidge have gone out to almost every important living composer—Heitor Villa-Lobos and Camargo Guarneri of Brazil; Carlos Chávez of Mexico; Aaron Copland, Samuel Barber, and Walter Piston of the United States, to mention only a few.

Mrs. Coolidge, who loved to play and compose, was often an enthusiastic participant in the impromptu concerts by famous musicians she used to arrange in whatever part of the world she was visiting. In distributing commissions, she operated on what she considered a percentage basis, for she was realistically aware that only 20 or 25 per cent of the works resulting from her gifts would endure. When the deafness that afflicted her late in



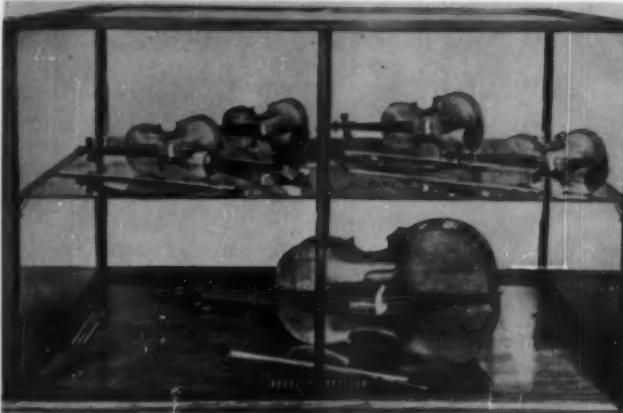
Twenty years ago Gertrude Clarke Whittall established foundation that gave rare instruments used in concerts



life obliged her to use a hearing aid, she would sometimes be seen snapping off the device shortly after the opening bars of works she had commissioned. She had heard enough to detect tinsel masquerading as gold.

She knew that composers are subject to human frailty. What she gave, she gave with understanding, out of love for the art. A painter once asked her why she did not extend her benevolence to artists of the brush. She smiled and replied tartly: "I am deaf, and support music. I am not blind, unfortunately for the painters." With her death in November of 1953, chamber music lost a great friend.

The superb Coolidge Auditorium, where the slightest whisper carries to the back of the hall and where it



Mrs. Whittall's gift included these five priceless Stradivari masterpieces with five Tourte bows to match

can truthfully be said that there are no "bad" seats, attracted other patrons of music to the Library. A group known as the "Friends of Music in the Library of Congress" was formed during the 1928-29 season to acquire rare scores for the Music Division. Though most of their concerts were given in members' homes, they held one a year in the Coolidge Auditorium. Their work was suspended in 1941, but the Nicholas Longworth Foundation was later formed to present an annual concert in memory of the group's first president.

In 1936 Gertrude Clarke Whittall established the foundation in the Library of Congress that bears her name. Unlike Mrs. Coolidge, Mrs. Whittall is not a musician. The widow of Matthew John Whittall, founder of the Whittall Rug Manufacturing Company of Worcester, Massachusetts, she has spent her life in a cultural milieu of good music. The possession of wealth, she has always believed, carries responsibility as well as privilege.

Mrs. Whittall's gift to the people of the United States consists of five Antonio Stradivari masterpieces—three violins, a viola, and a cello; five Tourte bows to match; and finally, a generous fund to ensure that the voices of the rare instruments will continue to be heard. Mrs. Whittall was determined that the fate of Paganini's Guarnerius violin, which was willed to the city of Genoa and allowed to deteriorate unplayed in a museum, should not befall the instruments of her collection. The Whittall Pavilion adjoining the Coolidge Auditorium was built as a shrine for the instruments. They repose there in a specially constructed glass case when not in use.

The five instruments of the Whittall collection are among the finest known to have come from the hand of the Cremona maker Stradivari. Outstanding is the "Betts" violin, which takes its name from an early owner; dating from 1704, it is considered one of the most perfect and valuable violins in existence. The "Ward" violin, dated 1700, was once owned by J. Ward of London; in arching and form it differs slightly from the others. The "Castelbarco" violin, so named for a count in Milan who once owned it, was made in 1699; Richard Wagner was also

a former owner. The "Cassavetti" viola, made in 1727, is among the last instruments designed by Stradivari during his long life. Since only a dozen Stradivari violas are known to have come down to us, the "Cassavetti" is one of the rarest instruments in the collection. The "Castelbarco" cello, dated 1697, like the violin of the same name and period, once belonged to Count Castelbarco of Milan.

Though there were other famed makers of violins besides Stradivari, Tourte stands alone as the greatest bow-maker the world has known. He reached the height of his fame at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and he completed the model and fittings of the bow as we know it today. Tourte experimented many years to find wood of fine but strong texture, and perfectly straight grain, which would take a regular and permanent bend. He discovered that Pernambuco wood, found in Brazil, alone combined the requisite lightness and stiffness.

In the first years of the Whittall Foundation, all visiting string players used the collection's instruments and bows. At one of the early concerts, Adolf Busch used all three violins in a single evening. Since their first appearance in Washington in 1938, the Budapest String

Quartet have come to be considered the resident quartet at the Library of Congress, perhaps because they alone now play the rare and precious instruments of the Whittall Collection. This group of players—Josef Roisman, Alexander Schneider, violin; Boris Kroyt, viola; Mischa Schneider, cello—have grown into something of an institution. Changes in personnel have affected only the second violin desk, where Edgar Ortenberg and Jac Gorodetzky have taken turns during a long absence of the quartet's charter member, Alexander Schneider, who returns to his old position this year. Every season the Budapest Quartet play a double series of concerts—one in the fall and another in the spring—and they are one of the most popular musical events in Washington.

Last season the Whittall Foundation presented twenty-three concerts in the Coolidge Auditorium. During the early years concerts were frequently repeated to take care of the overflow crowds, for although the 527-seat auditorium is appropriate to the type of music for which it was designed, it cannot begin to hold all the music lovers who clamor for tickets.

Blocks of tickets for each concert are given to a Washington concert bureau, which distributes them on

*The Budapest String Quartet: Josef Roisman, first violin; Alexander Schneider, second violin; Boris Kroyt, viola; Mischa Schneider, cello*



a first-come-first-served basis for a service charge of twenty-five cents. Supply has never been equal to demand. Long lines form early each Monday morning before the concert bureau, and again at the Library for tickets turned in at the last minute. Meanwhile, the adjoining Whittall Pavilion was opened at each concert so that people could hear even if they could not see the players.

Radio was another answer to the demand for tickets. Mrs. Coolidge pioneered in radio as in other things; during the 1934-35 season, the Coolidge Foundation sponsored a series of nineteen broadcasts of chamber music concerts on a nation-wide hookup. Now concerts from the Coolidge Auditorium are broadcast regularly by Washington station WGMS-FM, which claims an audience of thirty thousand listeners in the metropolitan area. This station also makes these programs available over the FM Good Music Network, which reaches a much wider audience over the middle Atlantic states. A survey within the last two years rated the broadcasts of Library concerts above the large network programs broadcast at the same time in the Washington area.

Not all the work of the Library's foundations is local. The Coolidge Foundation, especially, sponsors an active extension program of concerts for audiences from Maine to California. During the 1953-54 season it presented

chetti, Blas Galindo, Camargo Guarnieri, and Villa-Lobos.

The Library's Music Division enhances the concerts with carefully arranged musical exhibitions. Thus, if the concert on a given evening features the Brahms F Minor Quintet for piano and strings, Opus 34, or the Villa-Lobos Trio commissioned by the Coolidge Foundation in 1945, the autographed manuscript of the score will be displayed in the auditorium anteroom. During the 1951-52 season a cycle of concerts sponsored by the Whittall Foundation explored all the chamber works of Brahms, and an interesting visual presentation was made from the Library's extensive holdings of Brahms manuscripts, letters, and other memorabilia. Similarly, a cycle of the quartets of Beethoven, played in a series of double concerts by the Budapest Quartet, gained in interest from an exhibit of the composer's manuscripts and letters. The people who cluster around these exhibits during intermission seem to agree with the staff of the Music Division, which is responsible for staging the concerts, that a display of manuscripts, first editions of score, or the composer's sketches for the work being played are of more value than program notes to the kind of audience which attends concerts of chamber music.

For a month following the death of Mrs. Coolidge in 1953, the long corridor leading to the Coolidge Auditorium had a nicely arranged Coolidge exhibit. Decorations from foreign governments and musical organizations, letters from contemporary composers and virtuosos, photographs taken at special musical events in which she participated, autographs of works she commissioned, all did honor to a great patroness and a fine musician.

One of the most significant events of the Washington musical season is the annual Coolidge Foundation Founder's Day concert at the Library on Mrs. Coolidge's birthday. Mrs. Coolidge last attended one of these concerts in 1951, sitting with Mrs. Whittall in the first row of the auditorium, and surrounded by her friends—as many as the hall would hold. From the stage the Kroll Quartet struck up the simple tune "Happy Birthday to You," and all in the audience rose to sing the message of congratulation. It was a heart-warming occasion, one we will not know again.

Mrs. Whittall still regularly attends concerts sponsored by the foundation that bears her name. At the conclusion of the concert the slight and graceful figure stands at her aisle seat near the back of the hall, responding with a warm smile and a gracious nod to the greetings of her well-wishers. Her presence gives the Library concerts a unique personal quality.

Each time the Coolidge Auditorium darkens at 8:30, and a concert sponsored by the Coolidge or the Whittall Foundation begins, an audience larger than any hall could accommodate for music of such intimacy has reason to be grateful and proud. The generosity of these two great ladies in making what they considered a humble contribution to music was matched with wisdom in providing an administration for their gifts that would benefit as many people as possible. Chamber music has a princely status at the Library of Congress, but it is available to all on equal terms. • • •



*The Coolidge Auditorium, where concerts are given, is located in the massive Library of Congress in Washington, D.C.*

nine concerts in the Coolidge Auditorium and twenty-nine concerts outside of Washington, mostly at universities across the country.

In 1950, the scores of the Serge Koussevitzky Music Foundation, established eight years earlier to develop creative musical talent, were set up as a permanent collection in the Music Division of the Library of Congress, thus enriching an already large manuscript collection. The Koussevitzky Foundation commissions, awarded by a selection board advised by Dr. Harold Spivacke, chief of the Library's Music Division, are not limited to chamber music, but twelve of the fifty-three works so far commissioned have been chamber works. Composers of North and South America represented on the list include William Bergsma, Robert Palmer, Lukas Foss, Vincent Persi-

## points of view



### FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

JUST HOW CIVILIZED is our modern civilization? One answer lies in the following article, which appeared in *El Mercurio*, daily paper of Santiago, Chile:

"The cave man was egocentric. His world began and ended with him. . . . The fundamental purpose of education through the centuries has been to transform egoism into altruism, to broaden the outlook of the savage and make him aware of other people, things, and events.

". . . The battle is far from won; primitive egoism . . . still exists under the guise of various forms of introversion, to which psychiatrists have given other names. A person who withdraws into himself . . . is like the cave man who retreated to his hiding place.

"Furthermore, some philosophers . . . have set out to prove that philanthropy is really a cover-up for selfishness, that donations are simply another form of personal satisfaction, without regard for the recipients. . . . Unfortunately, our daily life does not offer any refutations: On every side we find the friend who talks only of himself, the author who writes only in the first person, the politician who considers his the only important actions. The

daily papers, with page after page of quotes . . . about what I said and what they said to me, only prove that self-worship still prevails. . . .

"A radical educational reform would be one possible remedy. The first step would be to change verb conjugations to begin with the third person."

### FROM ADAM'S RIB

ACCORDING TO Agustín Nieto Caballero's article in *El Tiempo*, Bogotá daily, "only the Lord and women themselves know what makes them tick":

"Some men think that political equality will cause women to adopt an every-fellow-for-himself attitude in such household matters as sock-mending and button-replacing. They point out that the time has already come when U.S. husbands and wives take turns cooking and washing the dishes. . . . They think man's only prerogative is to put up the money for rent and food. . . . They shudder just to imagine the day when they'll have to call a policeman because some woman has insulted them. . . . Some even fear that we will return to a primitive matriarchy. This is the greatest praise we can lavish on our fair companions. If in open competition they prove

themselves our superiors and lay down the law, then let everyone profit.

". . . Will courtesy become a thing of the past? In case of shipwreck, will the unwritten law about women and children first no longer hold true? Time will tell, because already chivalry is disappearing. . . . To cite only one example, on buses the man—let's not say 'gentleman'—is rare who offers his seat to a lady.

"Underneath it all, are men embittered with women? . . . Ever since the Garden of Eden, someone has been around to speak up against the fair sex. . . . Adam himself blamed woman for making him eat the forbidden fruit. The idea must have been his, but what could Eve do—never having dealt with other men and not suspecting they all say the same thing?

". . . For centuries all evils have been accredited to women. Take witchcraft, for example. It has never occurred to anyone to imagine a man riding a broomstick. . . . But we don't have to rehash history. We all know how long and rough the struggle has been for women to win the rights that should be accorded to all human beings. . . .

"Once I was telling a lady how God took one of Adam's ribs as he slept. . . . Wanting to make an especially beautiful creature, He put it in the fork of a tree to work on it again by daylight. . . . A hungry fox snatched it and ran away, but God grabbed him by the tail. . . . The fox pulled so hard to get away that his tail came off, and the Lord said: 'Let woman be created.'

". . . I'll never forget my listener's reply: 'It's a sure thing that we women would much rather have been made from a fox's tail than from a man's rib. . . .'



—Bohemia, Havana

## NOW YOU SEE 'EM, NOW YOU DON'T

DO YOU DOUBT flying saucers? Have you ever seen one? "Espigador" writes—in *La Prensa Libre* of San José, Costa Rica—"a letter to a friend who believes wholeheartedly in interplanetary discs":

"Ever since those first phantasmagorical stories about flying saucers began to make the rounds, I have disagreed with you. There are many explanations for the discs that are supposed to have been seen in the sky . . .

"Take, for example, the learned Englishman H. G. Wells and the writers of weird, pseudo-scientific . . . short stories and novels. These authors have made fortunes with their fantastic tales . . . of Martian space ships and their hair-raising exploits, to the delight of readers, both young and old, and to the satisfaction of the publishers. . . . So it boils down to a stupendous invention of the sensational-minded world press. . . .

"Are you familiar with the typical U.S. man? Well, he is the most entertaining, good-natured liar in the world; he is a born mystifier. . . . It is quite natural that Wells should have inspired a school outside his own country, after having advanced . . . the most successful idea of all present-day literary enterprises. . . . Magazines now feed eagerly on . . . the rollicking discs from outer space. . . . This cosmic stuff won't soon be forgotten, because we all delight in being fooled by entertaining fiction, even if it insults

our intelligence. . . . The authorities pretend to believe in celestial saucers so the people can go on having fun. The technicians, when they agreeably sponsor . . . interplanetary hoaxes, are simply being charitable. Even the great Einstein . . . preferred to say that the matter just did not interest him. . . . What good would it do to upset these gullible people? Can you scold a little girl because she thinks her doll is alive . . . ?"

**THE BRUSH-OFF**

"IN ONE WAY or another, today or tomorrow, we all suffer the embarrassment of an inopportune visitor." In his regular column in *Manchete*, the noted Brazilian humorist Sérgio Porto tells how to avoid this situation:

". . . When the caller comes to your office, it's a good trick to talk on the phone, even though there's no one on the other end of the line, or you can grab your hat and say: 'I was just leaving. Shall we go down together?' . . . Sometimes he'll stay with you into the street . . . , and it's hazardous to take a bus in the vague hope of escaping, because he'll often come along.

"For home visitors the methods vary according to the time, the atmospheric conditions, and even the caller's personality. If he comes at lunchtime, you should cast frequent worried glances at the clock. . . . If after dinner . . . loosen your tie, then take it off, and later unbutton your collar. If you reach the slipper stage without achieving the desired result, you might just as well give up.

"A cousin of mine . . . had put on his slippers and even wiggled his bare toes—in vain. Finally, he became desperate, excused himself for a minute, and came back clad in pajamas and brushing his teeth. He was foaming at the mouth, partly from toothpaste and partly from rage.

"Also, there are certain expressions that serve as a blockade. . . . For example, when you open the door on an unexpected guest, you can exclaim: 'What a surprise! You almost didn't catch me at home.'

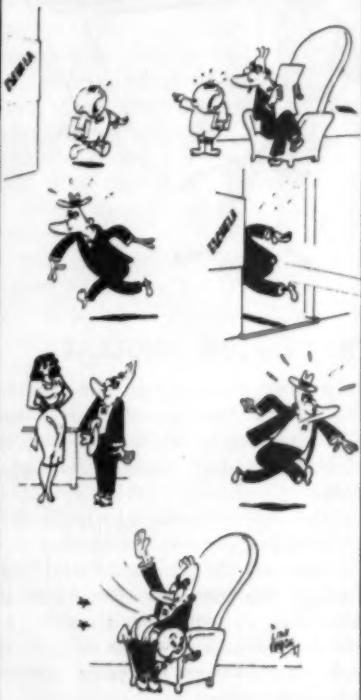
". . . It's good, too, to call on the weather. When it's clear, you can say: 'Fine day (or evening) for a walk!' In bad weather . . . your visitor might make some remark about it. You coun-

ter with . . . : 'Yes, but that's not enough rain to bother anyone in a hurry.'

"With certain variations, these are the best ways to get rid of unwelcome visitors. . . . Some are my own creations, but most come from other sources, when I happened to be the visitor."

## JUSTICIA

POR LINO PALACIO



—Mundo Uruguayo, Montevideo

## DUEL PERSONALITIES

GREGORIO DE LAFERRÈRE, a noted Argentine dramatist toward the end of the last century, was sober in appearance, but addicted to practical jokes. Josué Quesada describes one of his pranks in *Continente*, a well-known Buenos Aires monthly:

". . . Don Gregorio distributed a news item to the daily papers announcing the return of a young Argentine doctor (whose name he invented on the spur of the moment) who had enjoyed phenomenal success in French and German hospitals, astonishing their most outstanding professors with



Cover of Todo, Mexico City

his surgical skill. This came out in print, and a reporter was sent for an interview. Don Gregorio . . . gave him a write-up about the young man's extraordinary scientific activity in the Old World.

"A few days later . . . a testimonial banquet was announced, with the guest list including many well-known personalities. However, one man . . . withdrew his name because [the doctor] 'was nothing but an alleycat . . .'! A few days later . . . he received a violent protest about the . . . 'contemptible name-calling.' The letter ended calling him 'low and cowardly.'

"Naturally, a duel was arranged. Don Gregorio had created an imaginary figure, and, to put the finishing touches on his joke, enlisted the help of the actor Francisco Ducasse. I was a witness to this pistol 'duel' . . . The only one not in on the joke was the man who had started the whole thing . . . , a chap whose last name was Bregazzi. . . . The 'duelists' followed their instructions to the letter. At the sound of the shot, [the 'doctor'] fell, clutching his chest with a handful of red paint! . . . The 'murderer' was whisked away by his 'friends' . . . and the next day's papers reported that the country had lost one of its greatest men. Naturally, the banquet had to be called off."

### SWEET MUSIC

**AN EDITORIAL** in the Asunción daily *El País* applauds the prospect of a brighter musical future for the city:

"Twenty-five years ago the Asunción Symphony Orchestra was organized . . . with the enthusiastic, impartial support of professional musicians, music-lovers, and students from the Paraguayan Institute, but . . . the venture was precarious and short-lived, since . . . no orchestra of this kind can be self-supporting. It must depend on government financial backing. . . .

"Now . . . a group of distinguished musicians, along with some private and official groups, are fighting to reestablish the Symphony Orchestra. They already have the promise of federal and municipal support. . . .

"Asunción is one of the few capital cities without a symphony orchestra. This is especially unfortunate considering its remarkable growth. . . . The



"Pedrito" buys a book on bird calls.—*La Nación, Ciudad Trujillo*

Symphony Orchestra is not a mere luxury . . . to satisfy vanity or snobbery. . . . It is to be a school. . . . through which our own masters will be able to make their compositions known, and an . . . inspiration for other cultural endeavors. . . ."

### TIME ENOUGH

IT MAY NOT BE WISE to give the lie to our own favorite excuse by reprinting Flora Barbeito de Mínguez' refutations. Nevertheless, here is what she has to say in an article in *Ultramar*, a bilingual illustrated monthly published by the Godoy-Sayán Insurance Company in Havana:

"Despite . . . the thousand and one inventions that . . . simplify his daily life, man is still a slave . . . to time. . . . It regulates his work, play, rest, and study. . . . But is it fair to call it a tyrant? After all, time is only a rather undefinable expression. Yet man has tried to control it to suit his fancy from the moment he invented the clock. . . . Now it has taken revenge . . . and has become the indisputable master. . . ."

"Time is possibly the most over-worked word in daily conversation: we will study if we have time, we will visit our friends or family if we have time, and so on. . . . In short, if we have time, we remember we are humans. . . ."



"These are our friends who have been touring the island on a motorcycle."—*Ellas, Havana*

"To paraphrase a well-known saying, there is a time for everything, and everything has its time. Whoever follows this simple rule and does not . . . waste time in idleness, worry, or boredom (only to use 'not enough time' as an excuse for his failure, ignorance, or lack of friends) . . . will find 'that undefinable something' . . . his strongest ally. . . ."

### VIDEO SLAVERY

"WHEN TELEVISION COMES, we'll know what we've lost," writes Eduardo J. Couture in *El País*, Montevideo daily:

"Certain modern means of communication are demoniacal, beginning with loudspeakers. But one way or another you can escape them all—except television.

"Go into a club, a bar, a barbershop, a home. . . . Everyone is absorbed, watching a small, illuminated rectangle. . . . The violent emotions of winning or losing, of living or dying, dominate the room, the street, the city, the nation, the world.

"There are no more mischievous or studious youngsters; now they are all the same—glued to a spot in front of a gray screen. . . . Human relations have evolved into a triangle. People no longer communicate directly with each other, but through the television set.

"When you go into a television studio, it seems even more complex than a theater stage. There are prefabricated African oases, Parisian cabarets, huts and palaces, side by side—each in only about thirty square feet of space. There's no need to change scenery. Simply by aiming in another direction, the camera can leap from Babylonia to Portugal, from jail to cemetery. The dream factory is set up. You have only to dream you're not dreaming. . . ."

"Fellow Uruguayans, let's enjoy the little time we have left. When television comes, we'll all be enslaved."



## EMBASSY ROW

**Ambassador Carlos Yzaguirre**, newly appointed Honduran envoy to the OAS and United States and an enthusiastic collector of his country's art, displays a vase decorated with Maya motifs, one of his many pieces from the ceramics workshop of the Honduran School of Fine Arts. The Ambassador also owns about eighty colonial paintings, which he plans to present to the government for exhibit in the projected Museum of Colonial Art in Tegucigalpa. Educated as a teacher, Ambassador Yzaguirre—a native of the city of Yuscarán—added writing, journalism, and politics to his professional interests. In 1923 and 1935 he was elected deputy to the national Congress, and he has also served as military commandant and political governor of the Department of Tegucigalpa and Secretary of the Legation in Washington (1925), as Chargé d'Affaires (1933), and as Inspector General of Consulates (1938). He has founded and directed a number of periodicals and is the author of many books, among them the forthcoming *Jesús, El Resurrecto*, and *Tetralogía Lírica de la Vida* (Lyric Tetralogy of Life). Not only the juridical but the cultural achievements of the OAS seem particularly significant to him: "The OAS organs established up to now and those that will be set up in the future to coordinate the development of a single culture in America are of great importance."

"Armed to the teeth" are César Augusto, ten; Marco Antonio, eight; and Carlos Alberto, nine. All the boys are busy studying English so that they can enter school in the autumn.



Irish Ambassador John Joseph Hearne pays a call to welcome his Honduran colleague to Washington.

**Four-year-old Gustavo Adolfo**, the youngest son, listens attentively to a verse of his mother's poetry from *La Fuga de las Rosas* (The Flight of the Roses). Mrs. Yzaguirre, who writes under the pseudonym "Mirta Rinza," is the former Margarita Romero Lozano and is a niece of Honduran President Julio Lozano. A second volume of her poetry, *El Anhelo Infinito* (The Infinite Desire), will shortly be published in Mexico.





# books

## A UNIVERSAL MAN

IN MARCH 1804 Alexander von Humboldt departed from Veracruz, Mexico, to return to Europe after five years of systematic explorations in South and Central America that established a pattern for future scientific expeditions. The New World of the Amazon and Orinoco, of Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Mexico, had provided the greatest of naturalist explorers with the living experiments from which he drew his insights into the natural world, and on the basis of which he formulated conclusions that shaped future scientific studies and still have large significance for the New World countries.

When his career ended in 1859 in his ninetieth year, Humboldt had for two generations been the best-known European in the Americas and, after Napoleon Bonaparte, in Europe also. His preeminence was recognized alike by scientists and laymen, for it was Emerson who acclaimed him "one of the wonders of the world," showing us "the possibilities of the human mind, the force and the range of the faculties—a universal man." His name identifies physical features in all parts of the world: Humboldt Glacier (Greenland), Humboldt Mountains (China), Humboldt Current, Humboldt Peak (Venezuela and also Colorado), Humboldt Bay (New Guinea and also California), Humboldt River, Humboldt Sink and Humboldt Range (Nevada), and numerous cities in the United States. Yet today Humboldt is largely unknown except as a legendary figure. A new biography of this great explorer, naturalist, and scientist is, indeed, timely; we must be grateful to Dr. Helmut de Terra for supplying it.

Humboldt was not only greatly venerated by fellow scientists; he was courted alike by emperors and the common man. His extraordinary popularity reflected not only his scientific achievements, extensive and diverse as they were, and the hold that the new science had on the imaginations of all men; it was equally the triumph of a brilliant and massive intellect, which immediately impressed itself on all whom he met. Moreover, his deep humanity, his fellow-feeling for the oppressed of Europe

and the colonial peoples of the New World, for the enslaved and even for the primitive tribes, identified him emotionally and intellectually with the currents flowing toward enlightenment and freedom.

In writing of his life and times, Dr. de Terra has not attempted to give a biographical account of Humboldt's scientific work. Instead, he has chosen to show Humboldt in the routine of his daily life—beyond the frontiers of the Americas, in the social and intellectual life of Paris, as a member of the Prussian court, and in the circle of his intimate friends and relatives. But Dr. de Terra is himself a scientist—a geologist whose scientific expeditions to Central Asia and whose studies of ancient man in Mexico crossed many of Humboldt's half-forgotten trails—and he may yet undertake to tell the story of Humboldt's scientific works.

Humboldt's fame rested justly on the magnitude of his scientific contributions. His training and experience as a mining engineer gave geology a first place in all his studies, and in the geographic pattern of volcanoes in the Americas he was the first to recognize the relationship between vulcanism and earth structures. His magnetic surveys established the law of declining magnetic intensity between the poles. He analyzed the physical properties of ocean waters, and was the first to give a graphic description of the oceans. He also analyzed the chemical constituents of the atmosphere and made significant observations on tropical storms. His principles of physiographic and economic geography and his recognition of the significance of geographic factors in the lives of nations established the basis for modern geography. With the botanist Bonpland, he collected sixty thousand plant specimens in the Americas, describing some 3,500 new species and providing the first accurate data on cinchona and rubber trees. He also collected new animals from South America and described their habitats. His observations and writings on contemporary and ancient cultures in South America inspired many anthropological studies. Some of his most important contributions to science cannot even be identified—the assistance, intellectual and material, which he generously

bestowed, sometimes at great personal sacrifice, on promising young intellectuals seeking larger opportunities for scientific work.

Although the details of his contributions are forgotten, and some have been outdated by more recent developments, Humboldt has a larger meaning for our times than for his own—if we properly perceive the nature of his greatness and the tenor of his teachings. He has been hailed as a genius whose historical stage enabled him to know all that was significant in the science of his age, and in this, no modern can hope to emulate him. He aroused awe and wonder at the volume and erudition of his work. Yet the true secret of his greatness for us lies in his demonstration of the stimulus and insight that come from a competent knowledge of diverse disciplines, in his capacity for synthesis, and in the fruitfulness of his imaginative evaluation of the array of facts which research, his own and others', presented for consideration. It was his original insight in asking questions about natural phenomena that led him to develop procedures and methods that guided others who pursued inquiries he initiated. In an age of increasing, and inevitable, specialization, the modern world needs more Humboldts who can ask questions of one science in terms of another, who can synthesize the meaning of diverse sciences in terms of human needs and world progress, and whose understanding of the interdependence of all nature provides a scale of values for guiding public policy.

Two events shaped the main currents of Humboldt's later career: his visit to Latin America, 1799-1804, and his Berlin lectures in the winter of 1827-28.



Humboldt as a young man.  
From Helmut de Terra's biography

The five years in Latin America yielded such an abundant harvest of scientific data that for twenty-one years, throughout the Napoleonic Wars, Humboldt was occupied, in collaboration with other leading scientists, in presenting the results of his observations and studies. In addition to shorter works, he published his scientific studies of South and Middle America—relating to botany, geology, zoology, geography, and so on—in thirty volumes; his popular narrative of his travels, with much pertaining to economic and social conditions and native customs, in seven volumes; and a political essay on Cuba in two volumes. His influence in interesting Europeans in South America was incalculable.

Humboldt was, in turn, greatly indebted to Latin America. As the first scientific explorer in many regions,

he observed everything, and from these observations came much of his reputation as a scientist, naturalist, and explorer as well as most of his original, far-reaching insights into natural phenomena. His study of the changing vegetation from the steaming tropical jungles to the top of the Andes provided him with an understanding of the relation between climate and geography and the plant communities associated with changing physical conditions. Both North and South America have suffered greatly from the destructive exploitation of natural resources. In both, European man, ignoring the lessons of primitive peoples, became a destructive geologic force, destroying plant cover and setting deserts on the march. An understanding of the interdependence of all natural resources, of how man can live in harmony with natural principles, which Humboldt proclaimed, would make our generation even more greatly indebted to him than those earlier generations which were stimulated to settle in the New World by his discoveries and writings.

The Berlin lectures, a series of sixteen weekly lectures presented once at the university and again in the concert hall, were a tremendous personal triumph for Humboldt. The lectures were attended not only by professors and students, but also by royalty, society women, government officials, and the general public. The lectures told of an orderly natural world, a cosmic design binding the earth to the rest of the universe, the workings of geologic forces in making the earth's mountains and seas, the patterns of plant associations, and the interdependence of all living creatures. The lecturer imparted scientific facts and his own theories, but he likewise described the esthetic pleasures of nature study. The outline of his lectures became the plan for his most ambitious work.

Immediately after the Berlin lectures, Humboldt began planning for this work, *Cosmos*. As finally completed in five volumes, the last appearing after his death, *Cosmos* presented all the known facts of the universe in an integrated concept of nature. However, fame had its costs as well as its pleasures, and on balance impeded his work as much as it helped. Frederick William III had appointed Humboldt Royal Chamberlain in the fall of 1826, promising him an annual pension of five thousand thalers, support for occasional travels, and permission to spend a few months each year in Paris. Thereafter, Humboldt was in constant demand at the court. Furthermore, hundreds annually sought his advice and help, and wherever he could, Humboldt gave generously of himself and his substance. The heavy drain of these distractions he offset by adhering to a life-long schedule of working late and rising early, allowing himself only four hours of sleep a night. And so he continued until within three weeks of his death, sustained by his determination to complete his undertaking and encouraged by the unprecedented popularity of the first volume of *Cosmos*.

Dr. de Terra's *Life* is concerned primarily with Humboldt the man—the intimate friend of royalty and advisor to his own monarch, the friend of genius wherever discovered, the ardent sympathizer with all movements to advance freedom and the dignity of man, the enthu-



Lima as Humboldt knew it, in the early nineteenth century

sastic participant in the social and intellectual life of Paris and Berlin, the debt-harried author who spent his personal fortune on his travels and publications. The author strains unduly to represent young Humboldt's interest in nature as a substitute for the warm sympathy and affection that his rather austere mother failed to supply, but the whole trend of Humboldt's intellectual interests, as well as the climate of the times, affords a sufficient explanation of his life interests. However, once Humboldt is finally embarked on his scientific work, the story unfolds authentically and affords a revealing picture of the atmosphere in which Humboldt accomplished his prodigious works.—Irston R. Barnes

HUMBOLDT: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, 1769-1859, by Helmut de Terra. New York, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1955. 388 p. Illus. \$5.75

### DOWN THE GREAT RIVER

A CROSSBOWMAN'S STORY OF THE FIRST EXPLORATION OF THE AMAZON, by the British author George Millar, effectively demonstrates the truth of a statement made more than a century ago by William Hickling Prescott, the North American historian who also celebrated epic deeds of Iberian peoples and heroes: "How thin is the partition in human life which divides romance from reality!" Mr. Millar has recounted in novelized form the picaresque voyage made by Francisco de Orellana and a handful of companions during 1541-42; they descended the Amazon River from its headwaters to its mouth, a transcontinental journey of heroic proportions then and now. This is an exciting tale of high adventure, colorfully and skillfully told.

Mr. Millar has striven for historical accuracy in the general framework of his narrative. He has "incorporated the dates, names, times, distances, adventures of expedition that have come down to us through the filter of the years." Taking as his raw stuff for treatment the published materials on the Orellana expedition, on the Amazon, on the sixteenth-century Spaniard in the New World, on contemporary arms and other special topics, Mr. Millar has written what he calls a simple story, "in that it concerns a strange, perhaps man's strangest journey, which I follow from departure to arrival." Mr. Millar departs from historically established material by providing fictional backgrounds, personages, and minor

episodes, as well as the psychological reconstruction of historical figures and their conversations with each other.

To tell his story, the author singled out Francisco de Isásaga, who introduces himself: "At your service, a native of San Sebastian, the son, grandson, and great-grandson of soldiers killed by Moors in battle or in skirmish, a graduate of the University of Salamanca, and already, in my twenty-seventh year, a veteran of the conquest and, by common acclaim, perhaps the best crossbowman of Gonzalo Pizarro's array, if not in all Peru." Through Isásaga's eyes we see the interplay of varied personalities among the men and leaders and the events as they unroll.

In fact, of course, there was a Biscayan Francisco de Isásaga whom Orellana appointed scrivener when his small band separated from the main Pizarro expedition. The account by the real Isásaga has not been found, and we know little of his early career. Some data on his post-expedition life have survived. The novelist provides him with an *encomienda*, close friendship with Orellana, rivalries with the arquebusiers, and a pseudo-Bernal Díaz style.

The narrative moves from the time Isásaga left the island of Puna on February 2, 1541, until four in the afternoon of September 11, 1542, when the second boatload of the successful Orellana exploring expedition safely reached Cubuagua. Between these chronological points the narrator describes the gathering of the Pizarro expedition to traverse the continent, the belated start from Quito made by Orellana's contingent and its final juncture, a foray into the fabled spicelands by one group, and then the dispatch of a foraging party under Orellana.

A little more than half the volume describes the travails and brief pleasures this Orellana detachment underwent as it coursed in small barks further and further down the mighty river, usually beset by hostile natives and adverse natural elements which cost the group fourteen lives of its original number, apart from various natives impressed into Spanish service. Although the clash of man against man (and even the fabled Amazonian women warriors) forms a constant but minor motif, the major theme is the struggle of courageous men against nature and the unknown as they pushed forward in flimsy craft across an uncharted continent.

The author has very definitely taken a partisan stand on a long-raging controversy by his treatment of the character and motives of Francisco de Orellana. By most contemporaries and by historians for three hundred years thereafter Orellana was considered the One-Eyed Traitor who contravened orders given him by his chief, Gonzalo Pizarro, heartlessly abandoning the latter for an unauthorized adventure for personal preferment and gain. In rebuttal to a reiteration of these ancient charges (with additional documentary evidence) published in Spain by Marcos Jiménez de la Espada in 1892, the Chilean scholar José Toribio Medina in 1894 attempted a rehabilitation and defense of Orellana in a five-hundred-page volume. A large part of this effort consisted in publishing a new version of an account by

Gaspar de Carvajal, a Dominican friar who also accompanied Orellana down the Amazon, or Marañón, as it was then commonly called. These items, both the scholarly defense by Medina and the Carvajal relation, together with relevant documents, appeared in an English translation by Bertram T. Lee published during 1934 by the American Geographical Society. These Medina materials, supplemented by scholarly apparatus furnished by H. C. Heaton, editor of the translation, form the backbone of the present novelized treatment. In it Orellana, far from being a traitor, emerges as the beloved and able leader of men, the purely motivated servant of the Crown of Spain.

Within the limits set by this genre of historical-fictional writing, Mr. Millar has labored with commendable craftsmanship. He has written clearly and crisply, and has added notes, a map, a bibliography, and an appendix describing the accomplishments of the main body under Gonzalo Pizarro. The publishers have cooperated by preparing a handsome volume. Because in general Mr. Millar as a novelist is true to the spirit of the age and the adventure in question, one can share his modest hope that reading this fictionalized account will encourage "a reader or two to taste some of the books on which this one . . . is founded."

In his introduction, Mr. Millar notes that there are two types of accuracy in the writing of history, "factual accuracy and imaginative accuracy." While aiming at both, he prefers the second and states: "That is why I am so greatly attached to the work of Prescott. He makes gorgeous reading." However, Prescott was above all a professional historian, and refused to stir a step beyond what his prime sources permitted him to reconstruct. In lamenting that he could not "coin pertinent remarks and anecdotes to illustrate the characters of his drama," Prescott added that the true historian "cannot even provide them with suitable costumes." For these reasons Prescott early stated professional views which still apply to Mr. Millar's work: "The fact is, History and Romance are too near akin ever to be lawfully united. By mingling them together a confusion is produced . . . mystifying and distorting. . . ."—Howard F. Cline

A CROSSBOWMAN'S STORY OF THE FIRST EXPLORATION OF THE AMAZON, by George Millar. New York, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1955. 354 p. \$3.95

#### A FAMILY TRANSPLANTED

JOSÉ MARÍA AND RAMONA MASSIP'S NOVEL *Las Raíces* (Roots) is the story of a Catalan family in the foreign surroundings represented by modern New York. It is an intelligent probing into the process of assimilation of four people into the maelstrom of America. Though German, Jewish, and Italian authors have previously treated the theme of the great "melting pot," so far as I know it has never been approached by a Spanish writer. Considering the close similarity of the Spanish and the Latin American *weltanschauung*, this novel will be of particular interest to the Latin American reader, who has probably often wondered how the process of

Americanization affects those of his own racial and cultural background.

The authors of *Las Raíces* have lived long enough in the United States to be able to write about its way of life with understanding and insight. José María Massip, author of the previously published *Los Estados Unidos y Sus Presidentes*, is at present the Washington correspondent for various Spanish publications, and his wife Ramona is a writer in her own right. Their collaboration has come off so successfully that it received the 1954 "U.S. Ambassador to Spain" Prize. Smoothly written, the novel avoids falling into that rather prevalent fault of the Hispanic novel, the weighting down of the story line with heavy philosophical tracts.

Coming to the United States with their children to build a new life, the Spanish couple described here find success. From near-poverty and ignorance of language and customs they rise to social and financial prominence. They acquire the trappings of economic well-being, one after another: the washing machine, the first car, the finest of everything for the children, the home all paid for, the trip to Europe. This seems indeed the best of worlds, one where honesty and persistence, good intentions and hard work, are repaid.

But soon tragedy strikes. Julia, the wife, through whose eyes much of the story is seen, finds her husband caught in the powerful attraction of ever greater success in business, with always less time for his family; she sees her daughter choosing a Jewish boy for a husband, and her son—somehow to seal his dedication to his adopted country—enlisting in the United States Army for duty, and death, in Korea. Julia remembers with painful nostalgia the ways of her own country: "She had renounced everything to take care of her family, to make their home pleasant for them and their food savory. Now that her home did not need her any more, what could she do besides renouncing? . . . I wanted to shape my children and the country has shaped them for me." To which her daughter replies, as the first generation of many immigrants' families must have replied: "Poor mother! What did she have in mind, then, when she submerged us in the youthful bustle of U.S. life? Did she know what she was asking, what she wanted, when she handed her children over to the new country and left them open to its influence?"

I can find only one psychological error in the novel. This occurs at the end, when the disillusioned mother returns to her homeland, leaving husband and daughter to the United States. "I don't say that my world is the good one," she says, "and this other one the bad. I don't know. I say they are two different worlds and I don't feel strong enough to adjust." Somehow this flight back does not befit the devotion associated with the Spanish wife. One expects her instead, despite all her trials and tribulations, to remain by her family's side, accepting by and by the fact that the magnetism of the United States is stronger than her own traditions, beliefs, and dreams.—Alice Raine

LAS RAÍCES, by José María and Ramona Massip. Barcelona, Ediciones Destino, 1954. 287 p.

# KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS' CHURCHES?

ANSWERS ON PAGE 44



1. Famous cloisters of seventeenth-century San Francisco Church in Quito, Ecuador, may have set style for such buildings in South America. During colonial days, Quito monks made art a flourishing trade. Were they principally Dominican, Lutheran, Franciscan, or Mennonite?

2. The modern synagogue of the Nueva Congregación Israelita (New Israelite Congregation) is located in the capital city of the first Latin American nation to effect the separation of church and state. Where is it?

3. Over five hundred of these strange monoliths are standing on Easter Island, easternmost point of Polynesia. Never explained, the faces are remnants of a lost civilization, may be idols or tombs. To what country does Easter Island belong?

4. Sculptured by Henry Wilson, magnificent bronze main doors to Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City show Old Testament scenes. Would you say that immediately behind them lies the transept, nave, narthex, or baptistry of this Episcopal cathedral?

5. Seventeenth-century earthquakes are responsible for ruins of some eighty-five churches, monasteries, and public buildings standing today in Antigua, Guatemala—among them the Church of La Merced. Was it of Romanesque or Gothic design?

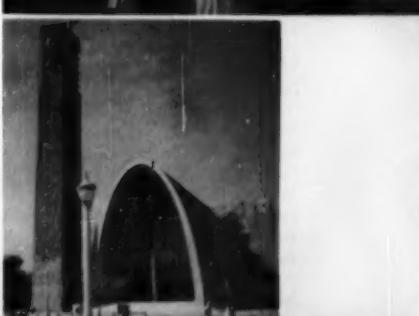
6. Is the youth assisting the rector in services at the Episcopal Cathedral in Port-au-Prince, Haiti, most likely a beadle, deacon, acolyte, or canon?

7. Only remnants of ancient — civilization, which once existed in Mexico and Central America, are assorted buildings, stelae, and altars. This altar, a copy, in Concordia Park, Tegucigalpa, Honduras, is dedicated to the turtle. Fill in the blank.

8. One of the Hemisphere's most spectacular modern churches is La Purísima in Monterrey, Mexico. Is the separate bell tower called a campanila, campanile, campana, or campanella?

9. Built in 1592, the Church of Santa Luzia in downtown Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, contrasts sharply with the twentieth-century buildings around it. Is it dedicated to the patron saint of mariners, artists, the blind, or travelers?

10. Is it true or false that the Cathedral in Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic, claims that the casket shown here contains the bones of Christopher Columbus?



## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

### THE ROAD AHEAD

Dear Sirs:

Several months ago you carried a masterful article on the Inter-American Highway through Central America ("How's the Road Ahead?", January 1955 AMERICAS). I purchased several copies and sent to Congressmen, as well as to the Honorable Rogers Kelly, our State Senator, and to our Representatives in the Lower House at Austin. They passed a very important resolution endorsing it. We are all happy that Congress has made the appropriation and made it in such a way that the road can be completed in three years.

Judge Oscar C. Dancy  
Brownsville, Texas

### TEACHER'S CHOICE

Dear Sirs:

As a subscriber to AMERICAS, allow me to congratulate you on "The Women's Vote in Costa Rica," and "Hub of the Argentine" in the June issue—both very good. I [plan] to write to Mrs. Estela Quesada and congratulate her on her efforts. The article stated she was president of the National Teachers Association. Being a teacher, I know how hard officers of the association have to work.

I would like you to know how much information I have gleaned from AMERICAS. I've passed the copies around to my friends, then given them to the library for an extra copy.

Mrs. M. J. Shannon  
Ashtabula, Ohio

### THE LAST WORD

Dear Sirs:

I would like to express keen regret at the statement of a fellow Illinoisan who insists that the word "American" can only mean an inhabitant of the United States. Such statements stem from the fact that perhaps 90 per cent of U.S. people never have occasion to meet other Americans, that "Yankee" is an inappropriate word (and offensive to the people of our South), and that there just isn't any other word that could be used. "Unitedstatesian" would be ridiculous.

John Switalski  
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Sirs:

How bored I grow with this silly argument over the use of the word "American" for citizens of the U.S.A. All over the world, even in Latin America, when the word "American" is used, it means one thing. All the talk in the world won't change it. Americans of the U.S.A. will continue to call themselves "Americans" and all over the world people will understand just exactly what that means—a citizen of the U.S.A.

Bored  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

### CANDIDATE FOR QUEEN

Dear Sirs:

I was interested to see by the papers that the Pan American Union is to be represented in the "Miss Washington" contest this month, since Julie Yzquierdo of Chile, the first candidate from Latin America ever to enter the contest, is the daughter of Mrs. María Amenábar, who works at the PAU. The fact that she is a Latin was no impediment to her entering the contest, as only six months of residence in the District are required and Julie has lived in Washington for fourteen months.

Julie—five feet eight inches tall, 128 pounds—is a typist at the National Guard Association, models for local stores, and has a repertoire of Caribbean dances, calypsos, ballet, rumbas, and sambas, which she performs at USO camp shows in the area. Here's wishing her luck!

June Edwards  
Washington, D. C.

### FILM SERVICE

Dear Sirs:

A great many of your readers, as teachers and as citizens, are vitally concerned with world problems. In their classes, and

in community groups to which they belong, they are called upon to help locate films that picture historical events and economic, social, and political conditions abroad.

We hope you will find it possible to call attention to our new publication *Selected Films for World Understanding*. The 88-page pamphlet brings together descriptions of almost four hundred films, together with topical and geographical classifications, suggestions on how to select the "right" film, and a list of producers or distributors who can provide information on rental sources in any part of the country.

*Selected Films for World Understanding* is available from the Audio-Visual Center, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana, for one dollar, cash with order.

L. C. Larson, Director  
Audio-Visual Center  
Bloomington, Indiana

### CALLING ALL CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Sirs:

About a year ago I enlisted your help in spreading the word about my Club Internacional de Correspondencia. Thanks to you, more than one hundred U.S. members and some from Spain and other countries joined. Membership is free. Anyone interested should send me such information as age, marital status, occupation, hobbies, and language preferences.

Maria Elena Garet  
Casilla de Correo 1329  
Montevideo, Uruguay

Dear Sirs:

I am interested in corresponding with people in the United States, France, and Canada for the purpose of exchanging English-language books and magazines on geography, English, Spanish, psychology, and zoology. The correspondence may be in English, French, or Spanish.

Pedro L. Allende  
Escuela Nacional No. 92  
El Sombrerito, Provincia Santa Fe  
Argentina

### MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked AMERICAS to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service must print their names and addresses clearly and state at least two language preferences. These are shown below by the initials after the name. Those who are students are asked to say whether they are of high-school (H) or college (C) level. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk after the name.

Isabel Pellegrini (E, S, P, F)—C  
Aristobulo del Valle 6484  
Santa Fe, Argentina

Jaime Grinberg (S, P)  
Rua 7 de Abril 264  
1º andar/2/107  
São Paulo, Brasil

Edie Augusto da Silva  
(E, S, P, F, Italian)  
Caixa Postal 5520  
São Paulo, Brasil

Jepheth Corrêa (E, S, P)  
Rua Flôrcio de Abreu 84/90  
São Paulo, Brasil

Silo Rodriguez (E, S, Italian)  
671 Henry Street  
Detroit 1, Michigan

Anibal Donato (E, S, P, F)  
Rua Flôrcio de Abreu 84  
2º andar/s/210  
São Paulo, Brasil

Neyde Alves da Silva (E, S, P)  
Rua Silva Bragno 1761  
São Paulo, Brasil

Maria de los Angeles Villalobos  
Molina (E, S)\*  
Apartado Postal III  
Câmara de Indústrias de Costa Rica  
San José, Costa Rica

Janice Robinson (E, S)—H  
148 East Washington Lane  
Philadelphia 44, Pennsylvania

Miguel Antonio Farfán C.  
(E, S, F)—H  
Colegio Franciscano "San Román"  
Casilla 49, Juliaca, Peru

Alejandro Solá (E, S, F)  
Alisina 1764  
Buenos Aires, Argentina

### ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 43

- (1) Franciscan.
- (2) Montevideo, Uruguay.
- (3) Chile.
- (4) Nartherx.
- (5) Romanesque.
- (6) Acolyte.
- (7) Maya.
- (8) Campanile.
- (9) The blind.
- (10) True.

## CONTRIBUTORS



"Although I graduated from Johns Hopkins in microbiology," says Lieutenant Colonel JOHN E. KIEFFER of the United States Air Force, "I've been working in geopolitics for twenty years. Just as microbiology explains the very nature of disease, you might say geopolitics traces the sources of the world's ills. I guess that's how I got interested." The Colonel discusses geopolitics' role in "Defending the Western Hemisphere." Colonel Kieffer, who teaches at the National War College in Washington,

ton, has had a distinguished career as a professor and soldier. He is a former faculty member of Temple and Tulane Universities, the University of Alabama, and Georgetown University Graduate School. During World War II, he served with the infantry in Africa, Italy, and France and was decorated by the United States, France, and Cuba.



Welsh-born, Welsh-speaking HOWELL DAVIES is a journalist, novelist, and playwright in London. He has been a student of Latin American affairs for many years, and, what with his background, "The Welsh in Patagonia" seemed a very natural subject for him to tackle. Mr. Davies has written over a thousand features, talks, and plays broadcast in Spanish and Portuguese in the Latin American service of the British Broadcasting Corporation. He is the editor of *The South American Handbook*, an 800-page annual dealing with facts and figures about all the Latin American republics.



ALBERTO TARDIO MAIDA first drew the attention of AMERICAS editors when he walked off with the first prize for a Bolivian photograph in the magazine's photographic contest (see AMERICAS, May 1954). His picture "Tenderness" was a touching shot of a little Indian boy on the Bolivian *altiplano* tearfully cuddling a pet and conveying something of the problem that confronts the nation's educators. Mr. Tardio, a rural normal school teacher, elaborates on the subject in "Teachers Go to School" on page 26. Last year he studied poster and film-strip making in Puerto Rico and the United States and is now with the Inter-American Cooperative Education Service in Bolivia.

Because he felt the way sociology was taught in the universities failed to grasp real problems, Brazilian DARCY RIBEIRO switched to ethnology and earned his bachelor's degree at the School of

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Carlos Dávila of Chile is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides AMERICAS, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization; and the *Inter-American Review of Bibliography*.

Sociology and Political Science in São Paulo. After doing research among his country's Kadiueú Indians, he wanted others to see "Indians as They Are," an ambition he realized with the founding of the Indian Museum in Rio, which he now heads.



Thirty-seven-year-old Costa Rican FABIÁN DOBLES draws on personal experience and his observation of people for the plots of his fiction. "My literary growth," he explains, "is a constant process of learning and has come about through reading, simple persistence, and looking within and without in what I call the University of Life. Of course, I do not believe in inspiration or natural talent alone. Study and work must be taken into account, and this is what I try to do." A sample of how well

he does is found in his short story "The Cross-legged Man." The illustrations are by the distinguished Argentine water-colorist JORGE A. LARCO, professor of drawing in the Manuel Belgrano National School of Fine Arts in Buenos Aires.

German-born LILO LINKE, who wrote "Treasures from the Jungle," is familiar to AMERICAS readers as the author of numerous articles on various aspects of her adopted country, Ecuador, where she works for two of Quito's leading newspapers. She is also a member of the executive board of the National Journalists Union and has written several books on her extensive travels through Latin America.



JOHN HASKINS of the PAU music section tells about the "Best Buy in Chamber Music," available through the Coolidge and Whittall Foundations of the Library of Congress. Missouri-born Mr. Haskins was educated at the Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C. He is a musicologist and a former music critic on the Washington *Times-Herald*. He also contributes to *Notes*, published at the Library of Congress by the Music Library Association. An authority on the early music of the District of Columbia, he works with various local choral groups and has a weekly radio program of records.

Helmut de Terra's biography of Humboldt is reviewed by IRSTON R. BARNES, president of the District of Columbia Audubon Society, in the book section this month, while George Millar's *A Crossbowman's Story* is scrutinized by HOWARD F. CLINE, well-known historian and director of the Hispanic Foundation at the Library of Congress. ALICE RAINES, wife of Philip Raine, Public Affairs Advisor to the U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs, discusses *Las Raíces*, a novel from Spain by José María and Hamona Massip.

To PAN AMERICAN UNION  
Washington 6, D.C., U.S.A.

Please send the formal INVITATION from the  
21 American Republics, to the following:

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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Country (if not U.S.A.) \_\_\_\_\_

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City & State \_\_\_\_\_

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NAME \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City & State \_\_\_\_\_

Country (if not U.S.A.) \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City & State \_\_\_\_\_

Country (if not U.S.A.) \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City & State \_\_\_\_\_

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Country (if not U.S.A.) \_\_\_\_\_

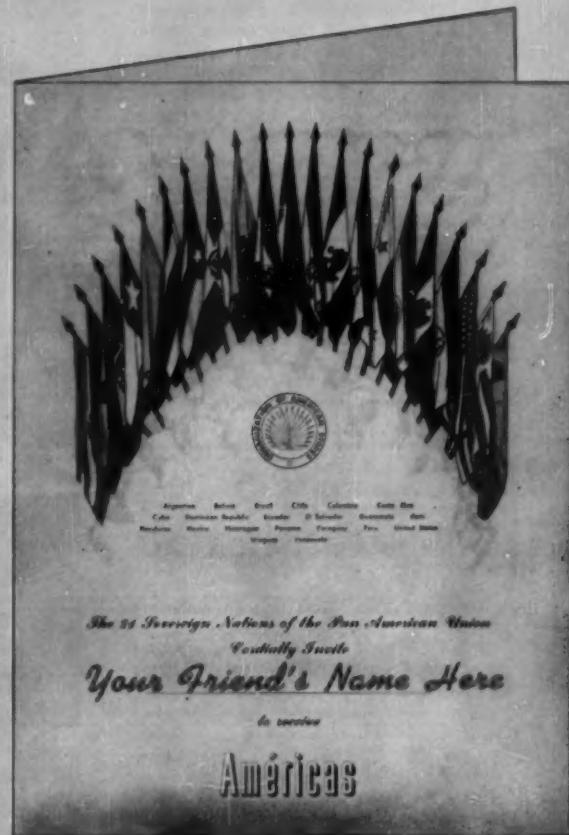
NAME \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City & State \_\_\_\_\_

Country (if not U.S.A.) \_\_\_\_\_

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Pan American Union at Washington, D. C.  
send this formal INVITATION



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of the 21  
Sovereign Nations  
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Union are  
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**INVITATION**

←  
We will write  
each person's  
name in ink  
on his or her  
**INVITATION**

to as many as Nine of your friends  
who may like to learn  
about AMERICAS . . . ?

Just put their names and addresses  
on the coupons at the left  
and mail the strip to  
Pan American Union,  
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(Your name will not be used  
in writing the INVITATIONS  
unless you especially request it.)